MY MOTHER

MUHAMMAD ZAFRULLA KHAN

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FOREWORD

My Mother died on May 16, 1938. By the end of the year I published her brief biographical sketch in Urdu, with a foreword by the late Sahibzada Mirza Bashir Ahmad Sahib, in which he wrote:

By setting out within a small compass the attractive and moving events of his mother's life in this booklet, Chaudhri Muhammad Zafrulla Khan has, not only performed in an excellent manner the duty owed by a son to his mother, but has also rendered valuable service to the Movement. Such literature can, by Allah's grace, prove very helpful in fostering the moral and spiritual standards of the Community. I trust, therefore, that our friends will all read this booklet and will urge the members of their families to read it also, so that all of them may be inspired by a keen desire to establish a true and sincere relationship with Allah, the Exalted, and to prove themselves good parents and good children in practice, for that is the outstanding quality of this booklet.

May Allah bestow His special mercy on the deceased and on her late husband, and may He enable their progeny and all of us so to order our lives as to win His pleasure through service of the faith and service of His creatures. Amen.

The booklet proved very popular and has had to be reprinted several times. On one occasion a Frontier Afghan Chieftain, who did not wish to be further identified, came upon a copy of it by chance, and was so deeply impressed by it, that he had one thousand copies of it printed for free distribution. He appended a personal tribute, which ran as follows:

I came across the booklet My Mother in Karachi when a friend lent me a copy. I was charmed by it and read it through several times, and made up my mind that I would not part with it. But my friend insisted upon its return and I had to restore it to him most reluctantly. For a whole year I continued my search for it. In the end another friend kindly offered to lend it to me. I have had a thousand copies of it printed, and am arranging to furnish my friend with three hundred copies in return for the one that he lent me, so that he may present a copy free to any of his friends who may wish to read it.

Normally, I should have obtained the author's permission for printing it, but as I did not intend to have it printed for sale, and my sole purpose was to make it available free for the public benefit, I did not deem it necessary to obtain the author's permission for its printing and publication. I am not seeking either the gratification of the Ahmadis, or notoriety among non-Ahmadis. That is why I am not disclosing my name. The reprinted booklet is an exact copy of the original. I am only appending a brief introduction of the author and the booklet.

Chaudhri Muhammad Zafrulla Khan, Foreign Minister of Pakistan, has set forth in this booklet entitled My Mother an excellent biographical sketch of his mother. I possess neither the learning nor the ability needed for its appraisal. But I have read it repeatedly and I wish to record the impressions that its perusal has left on my mind.

It may be asked - why did I feel impelled to give greater publicity to this rare gem? Every reader of it will discover the answer to this question for himself. It is the biographical sketch of an Ahmadi lady, mother of an Ahmadi individual. But it is a priceless pearl for every Muslim household that makes no discrimination between Ahmadi and non-Ahmadi. At the same time, it is as revealing and helpful for bigoted non-Ahmadis as for Ahmadis. In view of its unlimited beneficence I have ventured to make it more freely available for seekers after knowledge.

I claim no literary merit. I venture only to set forth on paper in simple language the promptings of my heart. This booklet is a mirror of the self-sacrifice, self-respect, courage, integrity, trust in God and conformity to Islamic values of a lady behind the veil. Every Muslim woman can learn from it how she should comport herself.

Women are generally prone to superstition. Hindu women have beaten the record in that respect, but the Muslim women of India and Pakistan, under the influence of their Hindu sisters do not lag far behind them in that respect. In their eagerness to win the crown of motherhood they have recourse freely to various types of idolatrous practices like charms, amulets, circuitings of tombs of holy personages, burning butter in place of oil in lamps, sleeping on the bare floor etc. etc. In this booklet we read about the attitude of Zafrulla Khan's mother towards a Hindu woman, Jai Devi, a self-styled witch, who claimed to have taken the lives of two of her

babies, one after the other. Jai Devi made persistent attempts to blackmail her, but she was steadfast in rejecting every suggestion that savoured of superstition or lack of faith in the Unity of the Almighty.

She was inspired by deep human sympathy. This is illustrated by her anxious concern for two Ahrars, a group well known for their hostility towards and persecution of Ahmadis. In one case she severely rebuked Mian Jumman, a faithful family retainer, for seeking to restrain her benevolence towards the grandchildren of a hostile Ahrari *Mullah.* In another case in which a money-lender in execution of a court decree had attached the cattle of a hostile Ahrari peasant, she paid off the money-lender herself and .had the cattle restored to the peasant. This is the type of attitude that distinguishes Islam from other world faiths. In short her genuine sympathy transcended sectarian and religious differences and divisions and embraced humanity.

I had little faith in dreams and attached no importance to them. Her.dreams set out in this booklet which were fulfilled remarkably have compelled me to revise my attitude towards dreams. I am now convinced that the righteous and those who have a close relationship with God are favoured with fore-knowledge of future events through true dreams.

An instance of her deep pity has been mentioned that on observing a rustic woman in pain, she sought to discover the cause of her suffering and finding that a long iron nail had penetrated deep into the bare sole of her foot she busied herself in extracting the nail, and became eager and anxious to minister to her comfort.

On one occasion she spoke personally with great courage and aplomb to the Governor-General of India, about a matter that agitated her heart.·For a woman who observed the veil and had little direct concern with the outside world, this was a feat of great daring, reminiscent of the deportment of Muslim men and women of the early age of Islam.

In a word this booklet is throughout a lesson, an instruction, an admonition; an exhortation. Every page is an invitation that it should not be read casually. It has a message for every Muslim woman. This booklet should adorn the dressing-table or book-shelf of every young Muslim lady. Every Muslim household must possess it. Literate women should recite it to those women who are not able to read it themselves. It is obligatory on literate men to recite it to

illiterate women of their families so as to rouse among them a spirit of eager fostering of Islamic values. For every Muslim woman who hopes for motherhood this book is an illuminating torch.

I am surprised at the miserliness of the Ahmadiyyah Community that it has been content with limited publication of this precious gem in Urdu, and did not publish it widely among non-Ahmadis, for it could have removed many misunderstandings current between Ahmadis and non-Ahmadis. It should have been widely published in Urdu, Pushtu, Persian and Arabic. I confess my own lack of resources. Nevertheless, I am arranging for free publication of one thousand copies of it at my own cost among non-Ahmadis. Should Allah, the Exalted, bestow upon me, of His grace, further means I would arrange for its free publication among the Frontier tribes at an early date. My capacity depends upon the favour of Allah.

The great service that Chaudhri Zafrulla Khan has rendered to Pakistan and the Muslim world will be recorded in golden letters in the history of Islam. On whatever topic he has spoken he has expounded every aspect of it fully and convincingly. His speeches always confounded his opponents and left them speechless. Eminent thinkers consider that these awe-inspiring performances could not have been made possible except through divine support. On reading this booklet I have realised that a child reared in the lap of such a virtuous mother; nurtured by her pure milk, was bound to possess pure qualities. Such a one who is supported by the prayers of his revered mother and is helped by the accepted supplications of his spiritual preceptor is sure to enjoy divine support.

A non-Ahmadi Frontier Afghan.

The writing of the Urdu booklet imposed a severe emotional strain on me. The passage of time - forty-three years - has not served in the least degree to assuage the heart-ache or to soften the poignancy of the separation; though in a curious way I have throughout enjoyed communion with her. Friends have continued to urge upon me the desirability of making a biographical sketch of my mother available in English, but I have shrunk from undertaking the labour of sheer love involved out of fear that the emotional impact upon me might prove unendurable. Certain recent incidents have, however, presaged the approach of our reunion. Also there has been a rapid progressive deepening of sensitive and emotional

reactions. It seems as if I am becoming incapable of disliking anyone, and there is a constant urge to pour forth sympathy, love and affection. One aspect of this urge seeks fulfilment through a presentation of my mother's verbal picture to a wider circle in English. I feel as if it is a duty that I have so far left unperformed on insufficient grounds and that she would approve of my belated discharge of it. I pray that divine grace may enable me to carry it out in a manner that would win His approval and acceptance. Amen.

It is not proposed to offer a literal translation of the Urdu booklet, nor to adhere strictly to its pattern, though its total contents will be absorbed. The English version is likely to be somewhat fuller but not very appreciably. Both my father and I may occupy a little more space in it, than was permitted in the Urdu booklet.

Zafrulla Khan.

London
August 1981

I

BACKGROUND

I come of a family of Sahi Jats of Daska, in the Sialkot district of Pakistan. There is a tradition that the Sahis at one time held sway over the region around Sahiwal. Our branch of the Sahi clan had been settled in Daska for a number of generations, so that our town had come to be known as Daska of the Sahis.

Our progenitors were Hindus. In the course of time some families embraced Islam, and certain others became Sikhs, only two remained Hindus. The seniormost family was Sikh. By the time of my grandfather, Chaudhri Sikandar Khan, more than twelve generations of our forebears had been Muslims. But the descent of all landholding families from a common ancestor was recognised and collateral relationships were acknowledged. Farming had continued to be the principal source of livelihood till my father's time. There were four hereditary headmen; my grandfather was one. My father succeeded him, and I succeeded my father, but I resigned in favour of my next brother, since whose death in 1947, his eldest son has held it.

My great grandfather died young, leaving him surviving his widow, two sons and two daughters. The boys were only in their teens, and the elder, my grandfather, became one of the headmen, in succession to his father. The family had been prosperous and comparatively well-off. But the early demise of my great-grandfather left it vulnerable. My great grandmother was a resourceful woman and was determined to safeguard the interests of her children. It was the time of the Sikh administration and in a way the chief headman, being a Sikh, had an edge on the Muslim headman, my grandfather, who was only a stripling in his teens.

The principal duty of a headman was to collect the revenue due to the administration from the farmers in respect of their lands and to pay it into the government treasury. The chief headman, taking advantage of the youth and inexperience of my grandfather, would incite the farmers to hold back the land revenue, so that my

grandfather was not able to deposit it in the treasury on time and was thus to some degree in default. This would bring the staff of the revenue collector upon him seeking to know the reason for the default and to enforce payment of the government demand. The chief headman would suggest that the young headman should be apprehended and given a beating before the eyes of his mother who would then find the means of satisfying the government demand from her own resources. This tragedy was enacted every six months so that the distracted mother was progressively compelled to sell her gold and silver ornaments for the satisfaction of the government demand. The purpose of the chief headman was that the family should be forced to part with its lands and to move elsewhere. He succeeded only partially. The indomitable widow did have to sell a considerable portion of the lands, and thus the patrimony of her sons was sadly diminished. In the meantime her sons were growing up and the elder of the two, the headman, gave early proof of his sterling qualities. He was far-sighted, steadfast, urbane and wise beyond his years. Hospitality became his *forte*. In consequence of his reduced means, the members of his family had to endure austerity, but the guests were always well looked after.

He formed the habit of proceeding to the guest-house incognito, late in the evening, and ministering personally to the comfort of his guests. He had deep sympathy for suffering of every description and sought to alleviate it to the utmost extent of his means. One morning the servitor at the guest-house reported to him that one of the guests had departed before dawn and had carried away with him the padded upper covering of his bed. On the loss becoming known the watchman had been sent in pursuit to apprehend the delinquent. Presently the watchman appeared with the man who had the bed-covering under his arm. On being questioned he stated that he belonged to a village about three miles distant, was very poor, had a wife and two children to support and that between them they possessed only one padded bed-cover to shield them against the cold of the winter nights. The headman admonished him over his wrong-doing, and added that he should have asked him for relief instead of resorting to theft. He told him to keep the bed-cover and gave him three rupees, which was probably all the cash that he possessed, to relieve him of his distress.

My grandfather was of a religious bent of mind, and led a pious life in the fear of God. He eschewed every type of superstition, inno-

vation and all that savoured even remotely of associating anything with God. As time passed his good repute spread not only in his own district, but also in neighbouring districts. Sikandar Khan of Daska became a byword for probity, piety, charity and beneficence.

His wife was a Bajwa of Data Zaidka in the Sialkot district. She bore him two sons and two daughters. The eldest, Nasrullah Khan, my father, was born in 1863. My grandfather was ambitious for his first-born, who was sent to the local school, and after he had finished there he was sent to distant Lahore to continue his studies. He had done so well at the local school, that he had won a scholarship of two rupees a month. He was told that in Lahore he would have to subsist on his scholarship, supplemented only by a limited quantity of wheat flour of which he could get baked into as much bread as might suffice to keep his body and soul together. I heard him say that during six years of study in Lahore he did not even once eat his fill of bread.

The nearest railway station to Daska for the journey to Lahore was at Gujranwala, 14 miles away. My father had often to walk the distance carrying a heavy bundle of books and paraphernalia. To save a penny on the railway fare he bought a ticket from Gujranwala to Shahdara and walked the remaining four miles to his hostel near the Shahi Mosque.

He pursued his studies diligently through Normal School, Oriental College and Law School, winning scholarships all the way, the amount of which rose from stage to stage through 4 to 6 and 8 rupees per month. English was not then taught in the local school, and my father had to pursue his studies in Lahore through the medium of the vernacular. This imposed a severe handicap upon him when it came to the study of the law, as some of the text books were available only in English. On one occasion he travelled as far as Hissar, where Lala Lajpat Rai, a lawyer well-versed in English, had kindly offered to coach him. Hissar was not then served by the railway. Despite his handicap he topped the list of successful candidates in both law examinations, in competition with candidates whose medium was English, winning a silver and a gold medal respectively. His qualification in the first examination, under the system then prevailing, entitled him to practise law in subordinate courts, and he started practice in Daska. When he passed the final law examination he moved to Sialkot and settled there as a full fledged lawyer. At that stage he started learning English and

acquired enough competence in it to build up a library of text books and law reports in English.

While still a student in Lahore, he married his cousin Husain Bibi, eldest daughter of his younger maternal uncle, Chaudhri Ilahi Bakhsh of Data Zaidka. They were of about the same age, the wife being the husband's junior by ten days. The wedding took place when they were between 17 and 18 years of age.

My mother's family was comparatively well-off. As the eldest child of the younger brother of the head of the family she was everyone's favourite and was indulged in every way. Her uncle, the head of the family, was very fond of her. He had a son and two daughters of his own, but his eldest niece was his favourite. She was followed by three sisters, a brother and a fourth sister. Her mother was a woman of great piety and high spirituality, whose father had arranged for her to be instructed by a physician in the elements of the treatment of diseases of children. My mother learnt somewhat of it from her mother.

My mother's happy and care-free life in her parents' home came to an end with her wedding, when she took up her residence with her parents-in-law. Her husband was still a student, and was away from home most of the time. Her father-in-law was fond of her, and was prepared even to indulge her within the limits of his resources, but she was determined to adapt herself in every respect to the austere ways of the family and to demand nothing for herself. Even when her mother-in-law offered her something by way of a treat by enquiring: 'Would you like some of this?' she would decline it politely with: 'No, Ma'am, I do not care much for it'; though if the offer had been made without an enquiry she would have availed of it gratefully.

She helped with the household chores eagerly and shirked or evaded nothing. She rose early in the latter part of the night and put in two hours grinding corn at the hand-mill before the call of *Fajr* prayer sounded from the mosque. She visited her parents for brief periods when she was invited, but did not linger with them, though life with them was luxury as compared with her life at Daska. She knew where her duty lay and was content with it.

II

TRIAL OF FAITH

The advent of a lovely male child was a Divine favour that filled the mother's heart to overflowing with humble gratitude to the Bestower of all bounties. It made the long periods of separation from her husband more easily endurable; it cemented even closer the bond between them. The baby was named Zafar, and from the very first day occupied the foremost place in his proud grandfather's heart. He was the light of his parents' eyes and filled their lives with sunshine; even though most of the time one was away in distant Lahore and the other had him in her lap.

Zafar was only a few months old when his mother had occasion to visit her parents at Data Zaidka. She naturally took the baby with her, which delighted the hearts of her parents, who idolised their lively and lovely little grandson. There was at that time in the village a Hindu widow Jai Devi, who had earned the reputation of being a witch. Far from resenting her ill repute she exploited it and blackmailed ignorant, superstitious women on its basis. Within a day or two of the arrival of Zafar and his mother, Jai Devi called on the latter and having greeted her demanded certain articles of clothing and a small quantity of provisions in a minatory tone. The response she received was: You are a poor widow. If you were to ask for alms or charity, I would be happy to help you according to my means; but I do not hold with witchcraft or sorcery. I believe in Allah alone as Master of life and death, and do not recognise any other power in these matters. I consider such claims as blasphemous and abhor them. I am not prepared to yield anything to you on that basis. Jai Devi rejoined: You had better think again. If you desire your baby to live, you will have to comply with my demand.

A few days later when his mother was washing Zafar, Jai Devi appeared again, and, pointing to the baby, enquired: Is that then the Sahi prince? His mother answered: Yes, indeed. Thereupon Jai Devi repeated her demand, and was met with the same response; on which being somewhat affronted she mattered: Well, then, if

you take him back alive, you may account me false; and departed in a huff. Zafar's mother affirmed: It will be as God wills. Jai Devi could have scarcely reached the outer door and Zafar was still being washed when he suddenly vomited and purged blood. Within minutes he lost consciousness and in a few hours he died. His mother supplicated: Allah, Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken away. I submit to Thy will. Do Thou bestow steadfastness on me. She returned to Daska bereaved.

A year or two later her second child, Rafiq, was born, even more good-looking and winsome than Zafar. His grandfather told his mother: Till this one begins to run about and can be parted from you, it will not be wise for you to visit Data Zaidka. She remained in Daska till Rafiq was almost two years old. Then a close relative of hers died and she had to go to Data Zaidka on a condolence visit. Rafiq's grandfather suggested that she should not take him with her, but she could not reconcile herself to the separation, and the grandfather let her take him on condition that their visit should not last longer than a week or ten days.

A couple of days after they arrived at Data Zaidka, Jai Devi came and repeated her demand, and received the same reply from Rafiq's mother. On this occasion her father protested and urged compliance, observing that it was only a matter of articles worth a few rupees, and that if she had any scruple they would provide the articles. She pointed out that what was involved were not articles worth a few rupees, but the sincerity of her faith in God. How could she bring herself to acknowledge that a poor helpless woman was in control of her child's life? That would be outrageous blasphemy. Her child would live if God granted him life; but if He did not grant him life, no one else could keep him alive. She would not compromise her faith, whether the child lived or died.

Three or four days later she heard in her dream a woman of the village bewail that Jai Devi had killed her child by extracting its liver, and no one had taken her to task for her enormity. Had this calamity befallen some high placed member of the community the witch would have been expelled from the village in disgrace. Rafiq's mother admonished the woman in her dream: Life and death are in the hands of God; Jai Devi has no concern with them. My child had also suffered in a similar manner, but we did not blame Jai Devi in any way. As soon as she finished her remarks she perceived in her dream as if a window had opened on one side. Jai Devi's face

became visible in the window, and she said: This time also if you take your child back alive, deem me not the daughter of a Khatri, but the daughter of a sweeper. This menace terrified her and she woke up in alarm. She noticed that the night light had gone out. She called out to her mother who came and lit the night light, whereupon it was noticed that Rafiq had vomited and purged blood and had become unconscious. His mother was gravely disturbed that if he died away from home his grandfather who had not been willing to let him accompany her would never forgive her, and life at Daska would become a misery for her. She begged her mother that arrangements may be made for her immediate departure for Daska, a twenty-two miles ride across country. Two ponies were saddled and mother and daughter, with Rafiq in the latter's lap, accompanied by two retainers, set out on their melancholy journey while it was still dark. Presently when it began to be light, Rafiq's mother perceived that the child was absolutely still and exhibited no sign of life. She understood that he was at his last breath, but she had firm faith that God had power to bestow further life upon him. She threw the reins over the pony's neck and raised both hands in humble supplication: Lord Thou knowest well that it is not the prospect of the child's death that distresses me. If it is Thy will to call him away, I submit humbly to Thy will. What I grieve over is my own future. Should he expire just now there would be no future for me in Daska. Most Merciful One, Thou art the Master of life and death. Hear my humble entreaty and grant him respite for ten days, I beg of Thee, so that his grandfather might enjoy his frolics. Thereafter if Thou art pleased to summon him, I shall not breathe a sigh. She knew not how long she continued in that vein. She was still so occupied when she felt a tug at her veil and heard Rafiq's call baybay (mama) in a perfectly healthy voice. She realised that her prayer was heard and her heart was filled to overflowing with gratitude to her Maker.

Her father-in-law was delighted to welcome her back earlier than he had expected, and fondled his little grandson joyously. The days passed happily. Watching her child frolicking merrily with his grandfather, she smiled, knowing that this was a manifestation of Allah's grace whereby he had been granted a brief reprieve. On the expiry of ten days, Rafiq suddenly exhibited the same symptoms and passed away within a few hours. The twice bereaved mother bore the loss steadfastly, submitting to the Divine will with humble

resignation, grateful for the favour accorded to her in response to her pitiful entreaty.

These two poignant episodes and their sequel have puzzled some of the readers of the Urdu booklet, and a word of explanation seems called for and may be ventured. The fundamental, unalterable verity is that Allah alone is the Master of life and death, as indeed He is of everything else, as is said in the Holy Quran: It is Allah Who bestows life and causes death (3.157); and: No one can die, except by Allah's leave (3.146). Husain Bibi's faith was rooted in that firm rock. It brooked neither exception nor variation. But there may be trials, so that steadfastness may be promoted and faith may shine forth as a living and suffering reality, rather than a mere verbal affirmation; as is proclaimed: We will surely try you with somewhat of fear and hunger, and loss of wealth and lives and fruits; then give glad tidings to the steadfast, who, when a misfortune overtakes them do not lose heart, but affirm: Surely, to Allah we belong and to Him is our return. It is these on whom are blessings from their Lord and mercy, and it is these who are rightly guided (2.156-158).

She was repeatedly and sorely tried, but never lost heart, was ever steadfast, and Divine grace and mercy completely justified the firmness of her faith. Certain elements in this poignant human drama need to be clearly grasped. Jai Devi's part in it was, in one sense, coincidental. It is true that in the case of both Zafar and Rafiq her personal appearance and her demand portended a threat to the security of the child, but the definite and specific challenge in the case of Rafiq, and, as will appear in the course of this narrative, all later intimations, whatever their character, were conveyed in dreams and not by Jai Devi herself in person. Her visits were not forbidden, and she called on Husain Bibi from time to time when the latter happened to be in Data Zaidka, but there was on no occasion any hint or indication of an occult character from her.

As regards dreams it must be remembered that no human being can contrive that he or she should become visible to people in their dreams. It was not possible for Jai Devi to appear in Husain Bibi's dreams. But that does not resolve the mystery. The reflection of Jai Devi in her dreams was always a portent. It seems that she suffered from some kind of disorder, known among indigenous obstetricians as *athra*, which caused the death of her children at a tender age. The coincidence that Zafar suffered within a few minutes of Jai

Devi's setting eyes on him together with her veiled menace and her ill repute created a complex in the mother's mind in consequence of which subsequently the approaching onset of *athra* on the child cast its shadow on the mother's mind in the shape of a reflection of Jai Devi.

In her dream portending the seizure of Rafiq, she heard Jai Devi's challenge that she would not take him home alive. This meant that Rafiq was about to suffer a seizure, which he did, and which would normally have carried him off within a few hours. But her earnest supplications to the Almighty Master of life and death procured him a reprieve and he arrived home, to all appearances, hale and hearty. This was clear proof that God bestows life and He causes death. Jai Devi could do no one any harm. When the period of his reprieve expired Rafiq died according to Divine decree. Jai Devi had nothing to do with it.

Some time later she appeared again in Husain Bibi's dream who, on seeing her, exclaimed: When will you stop pursuing me? To which she replied: I shall come thirteen days and seventeen days and will not come thereafter. By then my father was practising as Mukhtar at Daska. Thirteen days after the dream Husain Bibi gave birth to a baby daughter who died when she was seventeen days old. Jai Devi's assurance that she would not come thereafter signified that with the birth of the expected baby and its death the long-suffering mother would, by Allah's grace, be rid of her disorder and would thereafter bear children who would not have to suffer in consequence of it.

About that time my father having qualified as a pleader moved from Daska to Sialkot and started practice in the district courts. Husain Bibi now had a home of her own and though she ran it very simply, there was an end of austerity, but there was not yet an end to Jai Devi. On one occasion she appeared in her dream, but the moment she set foot in the house she cried out in great distress: Ram, Ram, Ram; the cow has been dishonoured here, I shall never come here again; and she beat a hasty retreat. Husain Bibi was puzzled. Despite the fact that Muslim families in the rural areas of the Punjab had been adherents of Islam for many generations, yet because of their Hindu origin certain aspects of Hindu culture still prevailed among them. One of these was their repugnance towards the eating of beef. Jai Devi's exclamation meant that beef had been eaten in the house. On enquiry it was discovered that the previous

evening some guests had arrived about dinner time and were served the meal that had been prepared for the family. The servant was despatched to procure cooked meat for the family from a shop. The hour being somewhat late, cooked meat was available only from a shop that sold curried beef. The servant bought a portion of it and the family had dined off it, without knowing that they were eating beef. Thereafter in consequence of the dream, beef was cooked in the house once or twice a month, without the head of the family being made aware of it. Whether the use of beef had any connection with the healing of the disorder from which Husain Bibi had suffered is a matter of speculation.

The time of the birth of another child drew near. Despite the twice monthly consumption of beef in the family Jai Devi appeared once more in the dream of the expectant mother and told her that a male child would arrive the following evening, and that certain precautions should be taken to safeguard its life. On its birth its right nostril should be pierced with a needle and a camel's hair should be strung through it. Also, a wick should be placed in a bowl fashioned out of flour, turmeric powder and melted butter and the concoction should be placed at the highest point above the roof of the house. The wick should be lighted on the birth of the child. Husain Bibi mentioned the dream to her husband. At the time indicated in the dream I was born, the date being February 6, 1893. When the happy mother regained consciousness, she noticed certain articles on her bedside table. Her sister-in-law, my father's first cousin, was tending her. She enquired what those articles were, and was told those were the articles indicated in her dream. My mother protested that she would have no truck with any of that nonsense.

My aunt said: But my cousin (meaning my father) thinks there is no harm in it.

Indeed there is great harm, affirmed the mother. All this is superstition. Allah is the Lord of life and death. If He bestows life on this morsel of humanity, it shall live, and if He calls it away it must die. I shall not put my faith in jeopardy by indulging in any senseless proceeding. With that she put forth her feeble arm and swept the silly articles away from the table. That was the end of Jai Devi, so far as my mother was concerned. The wretched woman dragged on her miserable existence for many years. Everyone shunned her. When she grew feeble, there was no one to look after her. She found it difficult to procure food, and in her extremity she

could not even get drinking water. In the end she set a light to her bed-covering and was burnt to death.

III

MORAL TRAINING

My grandfather, Chaudhri Sikandar Khan, was a man of a religious turn of mind and led a pious life. In 1897 he performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and also visited Medinah. He wrote a full account of the journey as it proceeded. In those days it was a very arduous undertaking. My grandfather and his party performed the journey from Jeddah to Medinah by sea to Yenbo and thence overland to Medinah. The return journey was performed in the same manner. On his return home he told my mother that he had prayed for little me on every occasion that offered itself. At that time the pilgrimage was not only an arduous undertaking physically, it involved a serious hazard for health and life. Dysentery claimed many victims. Of my grandfather's two companions one began to suffer from it before arrival back in Bombay, and died soon after his arrival home. The other developed symptons of it a short while after his return home and succumbed after a few days. My grandfather kept in good health for some months after his return and then fell ill of it. Within a few days his condition became serious. My father became anxious and began to visit him every evening. The road from Sialkot to Daska, a distance of sixteen miles, was not metalled. He rode to Daska every afternoon after court hours, and rode back to Sialkot early next morning. The time was February and the return journey during the early hours on horseback was both uncomfortable and trying. His father's condition continued to deteriorate and on the last day he stayed with him all the time.

When news of my grandfather's death arrived by telegram my mother with her three children, two boys and one girl, left Sialkot immediately and drove to Daska. Her father-in-law had all through been most kind and gracious towards her, and his death shattered her with grief. Relatives, friends, admirers and sympathisers in large numbers converged on Daska and there was a very large attendance at the funeral. He himself had been much averse to the customary Hindu mourning rites and bewailings some of which

were current among rural Muslims also, but now that he was not there to admonish and to restrain, the women of the family, including my mother, gave free vent to their grief in heart-rending bewailings. Death calls for self-restraint, dignity and steadfastness; but at that time the demands of custom were rigid and ineluctable.

A short while after his death my mother saw my grandfather in her dream. He took her along, as it were, on a sight-seeing trip and showed her first a scene of hell in which some women were being subjected to terrible torment. He told her that these were women who had indulged in bewailing for the dead. He admonished her that their sufferings should serve as a lesson for her, and she must forswear indulgence in such practices. He then took her and showed her the graves of the Holy Prophet, peace be on him, and his blessed daughter Fatimah, may Allah be pleased with her. These graves appeared to her to be in a beautiful garden and at their head was running a fountain of very clear water. She washed her face and arms as if in preparation for Prayer and repented of her default. But she did not find it easy to restrain herself altogether as she had sincerely designed. There occurred the death of a close relative, and though she shrank from indulging in mourning rites and felt a repugnance towards them, yet her apprehension of reproaches on the part of other relatives overcame her and she joined in some of their practices. Thereafter she saw a succession of dreams in which she found clusters of ants clinging to her body. She would make frantic efforts to throw them off or wipe them off, but to no avail. If she threw off a handful, several fresh handfuls would assail her. She would wake up in the middle of her struggle, but on sleeping again the same nightmare would start again. Thus restful sleep was denied her. She realised that she was being punished for her breach of her vow of repentance. So she occupied herself with seeking forgiveness and re-affirming her determination to shun all such practices. After a few days she saw her father-in-law again who rebuked her over her default and admonished her to adhere strictly to her reaffirmed resolve. He gave her a clean sheet and pointing to a pond of clear water told her to use the sheet as a screen and wash herself clean in the pond. As she entered the pond and advanced towards deeper water she shed the ants from her body till she got rid of them altogether. She felt great relief and woke up refreshed. She gave expression to her deep gratitude to the Divine for His great mercy and promised herself never to slip again.

She was soon put to the test. My father's younger brother's eldest son died, and she was not able to refrain altogether from participating in the mourning rites. Now she found that as soon as she went to sleep she saw two long horned bulls pursuing her as if they would gore her. She ran about terrified seeking shelter, and sometimes they overtook her and inflicted injuries upon her. Thus sleep was again denied her and she spent her nights in agonised supplications for mercy and forgiveness. This roused her husband's deep pity, and he too supplicated earnestly on her behalf; but the condition continued unrelieved through an entire month. At last she saw her father-in-law again who reprimanded her severely and warned her that this was her last chance of repentance and that any backsliding would be unforgivable. He then held back the bulls and she was enabled to proceed unharmed.

Her next trial came sometime later when the eldest son of my father's eldest sister, a handsome youth, died and she had to proceed on a condolence visit to her sister-in-law's home. In the rural parts it was customary that when a condolence party composed of women related closely to the deceased person approached, the women of the village clustered at the flat roof-tops of their houses to listen to the wailings of the advancing mourners. On this occasion my mother was among a party of close relatives of my bereaved aunt, and when they dismounted near her village she admonished her companions to proceed quietly to her house and to make no demonstration of grief. Their silent and dignified progress through the village disappointed the expectant spectators, one of whom gibed: Ladies, you might as well proceed laughing. They heard and endured their taunts in silence and arrived at the house of mourning in a mood of suppressed grief, where also no wailing was indulged in. The type of mourning rites then current among rural families were soon after swept away into oblivion by a severe outbreak of bubonic plague, which epidemic ravaged town and country for a number of years at the close of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century.

My mother continued to be guided in her training in moral and spiritual values through her dreams in most of which she saw my grandfather. On one occasion in 1903, she asked him in her dream to change a defective rupee that she had. He took the rupee and gave her one in exchange saying: This is the only one I have, take good care of it as it is stamped with the Credo; that is to say: La

Ilaha Illallah, Muhammadun Rasulullah (There is no one worthy of worship save Allah, Muhammad is His Messenger).

She realised that her dream meant that she would be bestowed another son, but that her third son, Hamdullah Khan, who was somewhat weak and enjoyed indifferent health would die; and so it came about. A few months later Asadullah Khan was born, and shortly after Hamdullah Khan died of measles. The bereaved parents bore the loss with exemplary steadfastness.

IV

SPIRITUAL HAVEN

Maulvi Mubarak Ali, whose father Maulvi Fazal Ahmad had had the honour of being one of the tutors of Hazart Mirza Ghulam Ahmad in the latter's early years, was the Mutawalli and Imam of the Juma Masjid in Sialkot Cantonment, which had a large area of arable land attached to it. The produce of this area enabled the Mutawalli to maintain the Masjid in good order and to support himself in reasonable comfort. It so happened that Maulvi Mubarak Ali joined the Ahmadiyyah Movement towards the close of the nineteenth century. His identification with a set of doctrines that were vehemently condemned by orthodox divines, became a source of irritation and uneasiness for the bulk of the congregation at the mosque which were gradually fanned into intolerance and hostility. At last a number of worshippers at the mosque instituted a civil suit against Maulvi Mubarak Ali, seeking a declaration that by joining the Ahmadiyyah Movement the defendant had ceased to be a Muslim and was no longer competent to function as Mutawalli or Imam of the Juma Masjid. There was at that time no Ahmadi lawyer at Sialkot, and my father was retained as counsel for the defendant. In that capacity he was perforce compelled to undertake a thorough study of the doctrinal questions raised by the plaintiffs in support of their plea that an Ahmadi could not be considered a Muslim, and found himself in sympathy with the Ahmadiyyah point of view.

Another matter that impressed him deeply was that the plaintiffs and their witnesses in making their depositions on oath under examination, did not hesitate to depose falsely or to prevaricate if they felt that a straight answer might prejudice their case, while the defendant and Ahmadi witnesses adhered strictly to the truth without regard to the effect that their statements might have on the result of the case. He felt that the high moral standards disclosed by the Ahmadis in such a striking manner were indicative of their being based on truth. The findings of the trial judge upheld the

defendant and the suit was dismissed. The plaintiffs appealed against the judgment of the trial judge which was confirmed by the appellate court and the appeal was also dismissed. The proceedings left my father very favourably inclined towards Ahmadiyyat.

Some time thereafter he was summoned to appear as a defence witness in the court of a Magistrate at Gudaspur in a criminal case in which Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad, Founder of the Ahmadiyyah Movement, was being tried for defamation of one Maulvi Karam Deen, one of his bitter and virulent opponents. This afforded him an opportunity of meeting the illustrious personage and he was much impressed with his gracious personality and his very high spirituality. He was now studying the Movement earnestly, had become a regular subscriber to the weekly Al-Hakam and started attending the daily lesson of the Holy Quran given by Maulvi Abdul Karim, an eminent disciple and devoted companion of the Promised Messiah. He had at no time been opposed to the Movement, but he possessed a deliberate temperament and made up his mind after careful and deep reflection.

By that time my mother's father and brother had joined the Movement, but she herself had little knowledge of it. Then in the spring and summer of 1904 she saw a series of dreams which affected her deeply. Some of these may be described briefly.

She saw that there was a great bustle in the street. People dressed in their best were all moving in the same direction. She understood they were going to watch a sublime show. She said to her husband: Let us also go in our carriage. He agreed, and while they were on their way Chaudhri Muhammad Amin, a brother lawyer, called out to him from his house and he fell back to meet him. She went alone to a wide plain where people were gathering. It was a tremendous crowd, some people were clinging to the branches of trees. There was an open space in the middle, over which was suspended a sort of covered cradle from ropes that reached into heaven. She felt there was a presence in the cradle which was not visible. On one side of the plain there was a gallery with seats, two of which were vacant. She went and occupied one of them and safe-guarded the other for her husband who she expected would soon join her. Presently the cradle began to swing from east to west and back, and a light issued from it. As the swinging of the cradle gathered force the light shone ever more brightly. In whichever direction the cradle swung the people on that side shouted joyously:

Hail, Messenger of Allah; Hail, Messenger of Allah. The swing of the cradle in the end seemed to extend over the confines of the earth.

This was a revealing spiritual experience of tremendous import. It presaged a multiplicity of events that were all manifested in due course.

Some time later she saw in a dream as if she was about to set out for Mecca in the small hours of the morning. She then felt that she was travelling by ekka, a springlass horse-driven hackney contrivance in common use on dirt tracks in those days. About mid-afternoon the driver brought the ekka to a halt close to a banyan tree. She told him she had desired to go to Mecca. He said that she had arrived at Mecca. She was surprised that the journey had been performed within the brief space of about twelve hours. She dismounted, and passing through a street entered a lane in which she went into a house and ascended to the first floor. There she saw a wooden settee on which were placed a large register and a box which had an opening in its lid. She placed her hands around the opening and bending close to it supplicated three times in an audible voice: Allah, do forgive my sins. Then she enquired: Will You forgive? and received the response clear and firm: I am the Most Forgiving, I shall indeed forgive provided your name is found inscribed in this register. She imagined in her 'dream that the register contained a record of births and deaths, and wondered whether the village watchman, whose duty it had been, had reported her birth.

Soon after she had occasion to visit Data Zaidka, and she mentioned her dream to her father who suggested that her dream pointed to Qadian as her goal and she should pledge her allegiance to Mirza Sahib. She replied that if the exalted personage he had mentioned was indeed from Allah, she would surely be favoured with a sight of him and Allah would in His own way manifest his truth to her.

Then she saw in her dream that she was busy one evening in her home making preparations to welcome a large number of guests. Suddenly she perceived a glow of light in a room to the west, which surprised her as she could not recall that a lamp had been placed in that room. She advanced into the room, found it brilliantly lit, and saw a venerable personage with a bright countenance sitting on a sofa writing in a note-book. She moved silently towards his back, so as not to disturb him, but he perceiving that someone had come

into the room moved on the sofa as if preparing to depart, whereupon she begged him to stay a little longer as his presence had brought her ineffable joy. He stayed awhile and when he was about to depart she ventured to ask him: Sir, should anyone ask me who is the venerable personage you have seen, what shall I say? He looked back at her over his right shoulder and raising his right arm said: Should anyone enquire from you, say you have met Ahmad.

When she related her dream to her husband he observed: Ahmad is also the name of the Holy Prophet. It may be that you have been favoured with a vision of him.

I have not that feeling. I feel he is a contemporary personage through whom God is pleased to guide me.

Her brother on hearing her account of her dream said: Surely you have seen Mirza Sahib.

But he did not say he was Mirza Sahib, he said he was Ahmad.

Mirza Sahib's name is Ghulam Ahmad. You are on the right track. Continue your humble supplications, the truth will be made manifest to you.

It was announced that on September 3, 1904, a lecture of the Promised Messiah would be publicly read in Lahore in his presence, by Maulvi Abdul Karim. My father went to Lahore to hear the lecture and, most fortunately for me, took me along with him. The moment my eyes rested on the blessed countenance of the holy personage I was entranced, and all through the reading of the lecture my admiring gaze remained riveted on that shining face. My mind and soul were penetrated by his truth and I felt I was totally committed to him. I was only a schoolboy, in the twelfth year of my age, but I was convinced that by affording me this opportunity God had endowed me richly with His grace.

News came that the Promised Messiah would visit Sialkot toward the end of October. My mother saw in her dream that walking through some streets she passed through a roofed lane and arrived at a house on the first floor of which she beheld once more the venerable personage she had encountered previously in her dream. He enquired whether she believed yet, and she replied: Praise be to Allah, I believe.

The Promised Messiah accompanied by members of his family and a few disciples arrived at Sialkot on the evening of October 27. His advent was a tremendous event. There was great excitement in the town. A huge crowd was gathered outside the railway station.

The authorities had made special arrangements for his security and the security of his companions during their transit from the railway station to the place of their lodgment. My father and Chaudhri Muhammad Amin had gone to the railway station to watch the arrival of the august visitor and I had accompanied them, but all we could glimpse from our carriage was the immense crowd jostling and pulsating outside the station. My maternal uncle who watched the arrival of the party and the slow progress of their carriages through the crowded streets described to us later some of the incidents that occurred *en route*.

Next morning when my father was about to leave for court, my mother asked whether she might go and call on the august visitor and see if he was the venerable personage of her dreams.

Go by all means, he said, and find out, but make no commitment.

Should it be the same person, I would be guilty of default in the estimation of Allah if I were to hold back after the clear guidance that he has vouch-safed to me.

This is a vital matter and I would not wish that we should be divided over it. As you know, I am studying it. We shall discuss it together and I hope we may arrive at the same decision.

You are a learned person, and I have no book learning. But I feel that God, of His grace, has chosen His own way to guide me. If I find that His guidance points in this direction, I must proceed accordingly. Should it be otherwise, I shall be glad to discuss the matter with you and we can come to a decision together.

A brief delay would do no harm. I would dread the prospect of our finding ourselves on opposite sides on so vital a question.

I have told you how I feel.

He left. God alone knew the travail of her soul. She was confronted with the most soul-searching crisis of her life. How would it turn out? She must have supplicated earnestly to be guided aright. Her faith in God was firm, her reliance on Him was perfect. She must have drawn comfort from the reflection that He, Whose mercy and grace had led her so far, would not leave her in doubt and perplexity at this stage. She had no one else to turn to. She must come to her own decision, with God's help.

In the early afternoon she set out on the quest to which she attached the highest importance and to which she was urged on by her eager soul. I accompanied her. She identified the house as the one she had seen in her dream and ascending to the first floor

presented herself to Hazrat Ummul Momineen and begged her to arrange that she might have a glimpse of her august husband. The request was conveyed to him and he sent back word that he would be passing through shortly and would stop for a few minutes on his way to the adjacent mosque for participation in the Prayer Service. Presently he arrived and sat down next to Hazrat Ummul Momineen, a few feet from where my mother and I were seated. The moment she beheld him her face lit up and with a wistful smile she submitted: Sir, I would make the covenant; to which he responded graciously: Repeat after me what I say. He then pronounced phrase by phrase the terms of the covenant and she repeated them after him. At the end he made a silent supplication, in which the ladies of the family, my mother and I joined, and he left. I realised later, as the result of my own observation, that this had been most unusual on his part, the more so as the novice was a woman whose husband was not a member of the Movement. No question had been asked on either side, not a single word was exchanged apart from the prescribed formula of the pledge. It seemed that there was complete spiritual accord between the seeker and the sought.

My mother's soul was at rest, her quest had led her to her spiritual haven. She never saw him again, except in her dreams, but her commitment continued total and unalloyed, through all trials and tribulations, till her last conscious breath more than a third of a century later. Nothing ever disturbed her serenity, her faith was proof against everything and upheld her in all situations.

She stayed on in the company of Hazrat Ummul Momineen for about half an hour during which was laid the foundation of a close friendship between them that lasted throughout her life. When we returned home she must have felt that within a couple of hours she would be called upon to face the hardest trial of her life, but she was so certain that the step that she had taken had been divinely directed that she must have been sustained by the conviction that He Who by His sheer grace, had led her so far would support her throughout. She had never had any serious difference with her husband, and now they faced a crisis that touched upon the salvation of their souls. Awaiting his return home she must have supplicated for guidance and strength.

He arrived, and I was privileged to be a witness of what followed.

Did you go? he enquired eagerly and anxiously, adding his customary term of endearment.

Yes, I went.

Then?

He is the same personage; somewhat tremulously.

I trust you have taken no final step.

She placed her right hand over her heart and affirmed: I have made the pledge. A pallor spread over his face and his lips trembled, but he made an effort to control himself and muttered: That was not well done.

She countered with: I have complied with the demand of my faith. I would be grieved if this should displease you, but I could do no less. If my stand causes you annoyance, you may proceed as may seem good to you. As for me, I have no doubt that He Who has taken care of me and provided for me so far will continue to do so henceforth also.

He called his personal servant and directed him: Remove my bed into the next room.

Upon this she raised her voice a trifle and told the servant in a firm tone: Remove his bed to the men's quarter.

This must have surprised him for he exclaimed in a hurt tone: Why that?

Because God, of His grace, has given me to see the light, and you are still in the dark!

He realised she had won. He turned to the servant and dismissed him, remarking ruefully: She was bound to win.

The crisis had passed to everyone's relief, but my father had still to make his decision, and my mother supplicated constantly for their spiritual reunion.

Chaudhri Muhammad Amin was also interested in the Movement, and my father who was himself now inclined to move forward enquired from him whether he would join him. He said that he desired clarification on certain points and it was agreed that they should seek guidance from Maulvi Nooruddeen, the most eminent disciple of the Promised Messiah who had accompanied him to Sialkot, and who on being approached very kindly intimated that he would be glad to receive them every evening for an hour or so. There were four meetings, at which I had also the good fortune to be present. This gave me the opportunity of observing Maulvi Nooruddeen at close quarters, and he may have noticed me as the son of his friend Nasrullah Khan. Coming away from the last meeting my father asked Chaudhri Muhammad Amin whether he

was now able to make up his mind. He said that the points he had raised had all been resolved.

Then shall we make the covenant?

What do you think?

I am ready, if you are.

Very good then. Tomorrow morning when you come up for Fajr Prayer take me along with you and we shall make the covenant.

Next morning I accompanied my father for the Fajr Prayer service, and on our way we called on Chaudhri Muhammad Amin to join us but he felt he was not yet ready to shoulder the responsibilities imposed by the covenant. So my father made the covenant in a private sitting with the Promised Messiah after the Fajr Prayer service. I was also present. My father's making the covenant a few days after my mother had made it was in accord with her dream. The seat she had guarded for him in her dream was occupied by him, and harmony was joyfully restord in the family.

My mother had in truth sworn allegiance in her dreams and confirmed it by making the covenant, and she fulfilled it in the letter and in the spirit throughout the rest of her life. Every day that dawned, indeed every fleeting moment, bore witness to the increasing firmness of her faith. From the beginning her faith was rooted in deep love, and her love waxed deeper and stronger so that it shone forth in every guise, and in everything she beheld the glory and majesty of Allah, the Exalted, the light of the Holy Prophet, peace be on Him, and the truth of the Promised Messiah. She took care that all her obligations to her Maker and to His creatures should be fully discharged in the minutest detail, so that by Allah's grace her life became a perpetual source of beneficence for everyone.

V

DEVOTED MOTHER

The mysterious bond that subsists between every mother and child is a divine bounty. Despite their physical separation on the birth of the child, the bond continues to gain strength with the passage of time. For the mother the child remains a child, no matter what his age, position or rank may be. The bond tugs at the heart-strings of the child even from beyond the grave. When the mother departs this life, the very foundations of the child's life are shaken, and life seems to lose its zest.

The bond between my mother and me was particularly strong. She possessed a very sensitive, soft and tender heart; and I became the special object of her tenderness and love. This was due partly to the loss of her earlier-born children and my survival into boyhood, and partly to the fact that I developed severe granulation of the upper eyelids, from which I suffered continuously from the age of ten to sixteen, and my mother became my partner in my suffering. I was compelled to pass the greater part of the summer days in a dark room and she kept me company most of the time. My affliction became so acute that hair began to grow under the upper eyelids, so that a portion of each eyelid had to be surgically cut off. In this situation my mother's tender care of me, her love and her earnest supplications on my behalf became the principal source of solace for me. Separation from each other was agony for both of us.

Despite the fact that during those years of suffering, though I continued my physical attendance at school, my studies were carried on during the cooler parts of the year only, I did not, by Allah's grace, lose a year or fall behind in class. I matriculated at the age of fourteen in the first division, standing first in my school. My father sent me to Government College, Lahore, for graduate study, and for the first time I had to live away from home. That was a sore trial for my mother. She insisted that I should go home every week, and finally reconciled herself to a fortnightly visit. After each visit I wrote reassuring her of my safe return to Lahore. Fortunately in

my second winter at college my eye trouble was healed and I was able to work diligently in preparation for the Intermediate University examination which I passed with good marks in the spring of 1909. My two years at college had brought me a certain degree of self-reliance, and made separation from my mother endurable.

During my first long vacation a letter from Hazrat Maulvi Nooruddeen, addressed to my father, suggested that I should make my covenant of allegiance to the Promised Messiah. I had deemed myself totally committed to him ever since September 3, 1904, when I had been privileged to behold him for the first time at Lahore. Thereafter my mother's dreams had re-inforced my allegiance, and her making her covenant six weeks later, followed by my father making his covenant within a week, had left me under the impression that I was now formally a mernber of the Movement. Hazrat Maulvi Nooruddeen's suggestion was a reminder that a personal initiation was needed for the establishment of spiritual relationship of Preceptor and disciple. Ever since my father had joined the Movement he had made it a rule to spend the greater part of the month of September, when the civil district courts were closed, at Qadian, and also to attend the Annual Conference of the Movement in the last week of December. On these occasions he took me along with him. In pursuance of the suggestion of Hazrat Maulvi Nooruddeen, after the Noon Prayer service on September 16, 1907, I begged the Promised Messiah to accept my allegiance which he graciously did, and thus, I, unworthy as I am, by the sheer grace of Allah, was admitted to the exalted fellowship of the companions of the Promised Messiah, to which my parents had already been admitted three years earlier. I am profoundly grateful to Hazrat Maulvi Nooruddeen for his timely suggestion for that Grand Roll of Honour was closed by the demise of the Promised Messiah a few months later.

He had arrived in Lahore for a visit towards the end of April 1908. The revelations vouchsafed to him had progressively indicated the approach of his death, but he remained diligently occupied with conveying the divine message committed to him till the end of his last day. He fell ill during the night of May 25, and died shortly after 10.00 a.m. on the 26th. The news of his death came as a shattering calamity to the members of his Movement, but they submitted to the divine will with steadfast resignation and comported themselves with sorrowful dignity. His holy remains were taken to

Qadian. I was one of the melancholy company in attendance. On the afternoon of 27th May, the members of the Movement who had by then gathered at Qadian, numbering approximately twelve hundred, acclaimed Hazrat Maulvi Nooruddeen as Khalifatul Masih and swore allegiance to him as such. He led the funeral Prayer and the holy remains were consigned to the earth.

My last two years at college 1909-1911 were a very happy period. I was no longer handicapped by eye-trouble, kept good health, was able to follow a well-planned, regular programme of studies which soon put me at the head of the class. My professors were satisfied with my progress and I enjoyed their goodwill. In September 1909 father went to Murree for part of his summer vacation and took me with him. This was my first experience of a hill-station and I thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

I made arrangements along with a fellow student to spend the summer vacation of 1910 at Abbottabad, preparing for my degree examination. I returned to Sialkot towards the end of the vacation. It was the month of Ramadhan. My mother told me that my father had wondered whether I had observed the fast at Abbottabad. She had expressed her confidence that I would not have neglected my religious duties. I assured her that her confidence had been justified, and that in fact I was observing the fast even that day. I was not then aware that observation of the fast is not obligatory in the course of a journey.

At the end of the academic year I won first prize in all my subjects. I passed the university examination in the First Division standing first in Arabic Honours. I was awarded a scholarship for the study of Arabic in M.A., but did not avail of it as my father had other designs for me. Left to myself I would have preferred to do M.A. in Arabic and become a teacher of Arabic. My father was more ambitious for me. He desired me to proceed to England for the study of law, be called to the Bar and compete for the Indian Civil Service. I was only eighteen years old and there was plenty of time for all that. Hazrat Khalifatul Masih approved and with his gracious permission the matter was settled. The decision bore hardly on my mother who was terrified at the prospect of so long a separation; but she sought solace through steadfastness and prayer. Nevertheless the parting when it came overwhelmed her.

My father accompanied me to Bombay to see me off, which was a great comfort for me, as I had never travelled further than

Peshawar in one direction and Qadian in the other. The journey to Bombay was a new experience for me and also for my father. During my last weeks at home I had felt that he too was under emotional strain, but he kept himself under strict control. During the long journey to Bombay there was little conversation between us. In Bombay he accompanied me to the docks from the hotel and said good-bye at the foot of the gangway by extending his hand, without looking at me direct, and pronounced the customary salutation. He did not trust himself to the extent of saying anything by way of farewell, nor had he at any time offered me any piece of advice or given me any guidance. I knew that he was helping me with his prayers and would continue to do so.

How my mother bore up under the separation I learnt only on my return home more than three years later. I wrote home without fail every week and heard regularly in reply, but the correspondence, though intimate and affectionate, did not dwell much on sentiment or emotion. One incident that my mother related to me might be mentioned as illustration of her inner turmoil. Three days after my departure for Bombay with my father, my grandmother said to my mother: What a comfort would it be to welcome my son on his return from Bombay tomorrow. This observation jarred on my mother and she could not restrain herself from retorting: Madam, *your* son has not gone beyond the seas. It matters little whether he returns tomorrow or the day after! She confessed that the moment the words had left her lips she regretted her outburst.

We had sailed from' Bombay on September 1. The monsoon was blowing full blast, and the vessel, S.S. Koerber of the Austrian Lloyd Co., 4000 tons displacement, bound for Trieste, pitched and rolled violently. Within an hour of setting sail I was sea-sick and there followed four days of incessant unrelieved misery. Once out of the monsoon zone the voyage became a delight and I thoroughly enjoyed every moment of it. The train journey from Trieste, via Munich, Frankfurt and Brussels to Ostend was most interesting. We crossed to Dover and arrived in London on the early morning of September 17,1911.

My eye-trouble though healed had left my right eye very weak, and I was advised that even if I were selected for appointment to the Indian Civil Service I would not pass the medical test. That part of my father's plan had, therefore, to be abandoned. I joined King's College, London, for the LL.B. and Lincoln's Inn for the

Bar. I was called to the Bar in June 1914, and passed the LL.B. examination of the University of London in October of that year, standing first in First Class Honours.

But for the separation from my parents, I spent a very happy time in England. For me life in pre-war England was an education in itself. In addition I travelled extensively on the continent during my vacations which served to broaden my intellectual horizons. I formed friendships some of which survived both World Wars and ended with the passing on of the friends. Two of my friends are alive, one in England and the other in Finland and I am in touch with both.

I wrote regularly to Hazrat Khalifatul Masih I, who graciously replied in letters written in his own hand, which were a great boon and were a source of guidance and comfort.

He died on Friday March 13, 1914, and on the following day Hazrat Sahibzada Mirza Bashiruddin Mahmood Ahmad was acclaimed Khalifatul Masih II by an overwhelming majority of the members of the Movement then present in Qadian. There were, however, some notable exceptions. On this occasion also my mother was vouchsafed guidance through her dreams. In one of her dreams she saw that a flood had arisen, water was rapidly mounting in the streets and people had ascended to the roofs of their houses. She heard someone say that a rabbit who talked was floating about in the street. She then saw that the rabbit came into the courtyard of the house floating on a wooden board. She was on the first floor and called out to the rabbit: Khawaja, do you talk? It answered: I do. She admonished it: Khawaja, take care lest you should drown. It answered back: If I drown, I shall carry down many with me.

Some days later she saw a large number of people gathered in the midst of a wide plain, and it appeared they awaited some important event. In a short while a bright light issued from the ground in the shape of an enormous electric lamp, and began to ascend slowly heavenwards, as if it was being propelled from below by some machinery. As soon as this light appeared most people turned towards it and began to advance in its direction so as to view it at close quarters. My mother also went forward towards it and called out to my father to come quickly and view the light while it was still near the ground, for when it rose higher its view would not afford the same degree of delight. He too began to step forward quickly towards the light, which continued to ascend steadily till it

reached the sky and lit up the whole wide plain brightly. My mother noticed a group of people wearing overcoats and Turkish caps standing at some distance at the bank of a canal, paying no attention to the light. My mother asked her husband what were those people doing and why did they not watch the soul-stirring spectacle of the light. He said they were busy watching the flow of the water in the canal.

On the death of Hazrat Khalifatul Masih I, a small minority of the members of the Movement held out against swearing allegiance to Hazrat Sahibzada Mirza Bashiruddin Mahmood Ahmad in his capacity of Kahlifatul Masih. My father wrote to me that the matter was one of faith on which I should seek divine guidance through earnest supplication, and come to my own decision. My mother wrote that she had sworn allegiance to Hazrat Khalifatul Masih II, and urged me to do the same immediately. Khawaja Kamaluddin, a leading member of the Movement, had arrived in England in the autumn of 1912, and had from time to time spoken to me on the question of the Khilafat. He had also mentioned two of his dreams to me, from all of which I had been convinced that his stand on the question of the authority of the Khalifa was in conflict with the views of Hazrat Khalifatul Masih I on the subject, to which the latter had given expression repeatedly and emphatically. Thus I had no hesitation in complying with my mother's urgent direction. My father after a week's deep reflection and earnest prayers for divine guidance, also made his submission to Hazrat Khalifatul Masih II. All this happened just over two-thirds of a century ago, and every day that has since dawned has borne witness to divine approval and support of the Khilafat.

The separation from my parents during my stay in England served to create in my mind a deeper and truer concept of their love for me, which generated in my heart devoted love for them afresh. I made up my mind that on return home, I would make every effort to win my father's friendship, in addition to his paternal love, so that he should be convinced that he had in me not only a dutiful son but also a loyal friend and comrade. To my mother I wrote that I would bring for her a boundless ocean of love which the passage of time would only go on augmenting. By the sheer grace of Allah I was granted fulfilment of both my resolves.

I was called to the Bar in June 1914, but had to stay on in London till October for my LL.B. examination. The first World War started

in the beginning of August and everything was subordinated to the war effort. One incidental adjustment affected the carriage of mail between Britain and India. The normal method had been that outward mail was carried between London and Marseilles overland through France every week and thence by the P. and O. mail steamer to Bombay. The same system operated in reverse. With the outbreak of war, mail began to be carried by sea all the way between London and Bombay. This involved a delay of a week in the delivery of mail at either end. When on the first occasion my mother did not receive my weekly letter and the postman told her that the mail had been disrupted by the war, she fell down in a faint. Once the gap of a week was bridged, the regular delivery of my letters re-assured her and brought her comfort. My safe arrival home at the end of the first week of November set all her fears at rest, and the pangs of separation became the memory of a nightmare.

I had left London as soon as my examination was over. When I arrived in Lahore, instead of proceeding direct to Sialkot, I felt that my first obligation was to present myself to Hazrat Khalifatul Masih at Qadian and to make oral affirmation of my pledge of allegiance, which I did. After a few days I received the result of my LL.B. examination and was agreeably surprised to discover that I had stood first in First Class Honours. I was enrolled as an Advocate of the Chief Court of the Punjab and obtained my licence to practise law. I started practice at Sialkot as my father's junior. He was then at the top of civil practice at Sialkot and maintained a very high standard of professional values. His reputation was correspondingly high. I was fortunate in having him as my instructor and mentor.

He led a life of exemplary piety, and possessed a reserved temperament. His own life was somewhat austere, but he urged me to look after my comfort. We had a large house and I was provided with a commodious and well-fitted comfortable apartment. He made me feel that he had complete confidence in me. Instead of making me an allowance he made me the recipient, custodian and administrator of his income, and subject to drawing upon me for fulfilment of his obligations never asked me for an account. I was free to spend as much upon myself as I might choose. This was a most generous dispensation, and I took care not to take undue advantage of it. My mother was well content with the arrangement.

Even after I moved to Lahore and my father wound up his practice and settled at Qadian, his income from his property was

remitted to me, and he drew upon me for whatever he needed to meet his requirements and obligations. He still never asked for an account, but I kept an account and never had occasion to utilise any portion of the reserve for my personal needs. On one occasion he asked me why did I not buy a car, for he was sure I could easily pay for it, meaning I could utilise his reserve for the purpose. To gratify him I purchased a very good car, and by Allah's grace did not have to draw on the reserve. On his death the reserve was treated as part of his estate.

Under my father's tutelage I made good progress in the practice of the law, and he was pleased at being complimented by judges and magistrates on my performance in court. But I was not completely satisfied with district courts practice. I felt that there was something lacking. Perhaps there was not enough of an intellectual challenge. Whatever the reason, I took advantage of a chance that offered itself of moving to Lahore at the end of August 1916, in the capacity of Assistant Editor of Indian Cases, which was at that time the only Law Journal that reported selected Judgments of all Superior Indian Courts, and Judgments of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on appeals from India. My father decided to wind up his practice, and in order to continue to assist him in the process I arranged to spend half of every week at Sialkot till he moved to Qadian and dedicated himself to the service of the faith. My mother made her residence in the ancestral home at Daska, but divided her time between Qadian, Lahore and Daska. She felt that her duties and obligations as chatelaine demanded that she should spend the greater part of her time at Daska. It was mainly through her efforts that an Ahmadiyyah Community was established at Daska. My father also spent the month of Ramadhan at Daska.

There was little active opposition to the Movement in Daska. The chief obstacle was indifference to spiritual values. My mother's example and her benevolence towards everyone helped to rouse interest in the Movement. The hereditary mulla, an ignorant bigot, felt it his duty to misrepresent the Movement, its doctrines and teachings, but he was not thereby excluded from the scope of her sympathy and charity. On one occasion the family steward finding her occupied in preparing children's garments ventured to enquire for whom were they meant.

They are for the mulla's grandchildren; was her reply.

Indeed? But surely you know the mulla is our enemy.

God is my friend, and I have no enemy. How can I tolerate that these poor children should run about half-naked in their tattered rags? When these clothes are ready you will deliver them to the mulla. But take them over at night, so that the mulla is not shamed at accepting charity from us.

A non-Ahmadi peasant's cattle were attached by his creditor, a Hindu money-lender, in execution of a court decree. Among the attached cattle was a calf, the favourite of the peasant's young son. The boy was much distressed at the prospect of losing his favourite, and his piteous cries attracted my mother's attention. She summoned the family steward and directed him to go and make a settlement on her behalf with the money-lender that the attached cattle may be released on payment of the capital amount of the loan, and that the interest and costs may be remitted. The money-lender was persuaded to agree, and she arranged immediate payment of the capital amount, so that the peasant's boy had his favourite calf restored to him in her presence. His comforted smile brought joy to her heart. She had deep human sympathy and was ever ready to assuage human suffering as far as it lay within her power.

VI

LAST YEARS OF MY FATHER

When my father swore allegiance to the Promised Messiah he submitted that in the practice of the law a situation sometimes arose in which the maintenance of the highest standard of righteousness was put in peril. He sought guidance whether he might give up the practice of the law and dedicate his life to the service of the faith. He was advised to continue in practice, to seek divine guidance through steadfastness and prayer, give alms freely and try his utmost to set a high example of honesty and integrity in his profession. He sought constantly to follow this advice in every respect. After the death of the Promised Messiah, he sought guidance from Hazrat Khalifatul Masih I and was told to continue as the Promised Messiah had advised. To enable him to follow that advice the better he added to his spiritual exercises the committing of the Holy Quran to memory. When he had achieved that pious purpose, he mentioned it to Hazrat Khalifatul Masih who gave expression to his delight by announcing: So eager is Nasrullah Khan to win my love the better that he has seated my beloved in his heart.

Early during the Second Khilafat, Hazrat Khalifatul Masih II suggested that he should dedicate himself to the service of the faith. He responded that he had been eager to do so ever since joining the Movement, and arranged to wind up his affairs and presented himself at Qadian in April 1917.

He was appointed Chief Secretary to Hazrat Khalifatul Masih and also Secretary of the Department of Bahishti Maqbarah. He devoted his evenings to preparing indices for the works of the Promised Messiah. All this was labour of love; the only return he sought for it was Allah's pleasure.

In the summer of 1924 my parents went on pilgrimage to the House of Allah. They took with them Mian Jumman, the family steward. The sea voyage in both directions was made in the monsoon season. My father suffered greatly from sea-sickness, but my mother

enjoyed every moment thoroughly. At Mina and Arafat there was great scarcity of drinking water that year, and the pilgrims experienced acute suffering on that account. Thousands died of thirst. The news caused me grave anxiety, which was relieved only by their safe return. My mother had taken with her the sheets that were to serve as shrouds for my father and her when their time came to depart this life, and washed them at Zam Zam, the perennial spring that runs close to the Ka'bah. My father's were needed two years later and her own twelve years thereafter. The journey left my father in a reduced state of health.

In August 1925 my parents and I decided to visit Kashmir. Chaudhri Bashir Ahmad accompanied us. We made a brief halt at Murree, where my father fell ill and his illness took a serious turn. My mother and Bashir Ahmad nursed him devotedly. His recovery and convalescence took several weeks, and it was not till after the middle of September that we were able to resume our journey to Kashmir. At that time of the year the world-famed Vale was at its best and we thoroughly enjoyed our stay of about a fortnight.

Towards the end of July 1926 I had to go to Sialkot to act as counsel on behalf of the Movement in a civil suit instituted by opponents of the Movement in connection with the principal Ahmadiyyah mosque in the city. My father also came to Sialkot as he was summoned as a witness. He looked somewhat pulled down and mentioned that he was troubled by a cough. The plaintiffs in the suit realising that their attempt to build a house of cards with perjured evidence was likely to rebound on them, withdrew the suit. I returned to Lahore and my father decided to visit Daska for a few days before returning to Qadian.

On August 12, I learnt that he was ill, and I went to Daska and brought him and mother to Lahore. His trouble was diagnosed as wet pleurisy and the following day water was extracted from the base of his lung. This gave him considerable relief and his condition began to improve. He was himself conversant to some degree with the principles of medicine and appreciated the gravity of his symptoms. Two or three days later he said to me: Life and death are controlled by God. I feel I am getting better, and if God wills I may recover. But in view of the nature of my illness and having regard to my age, I would like to dictate some directions to you. So far as the disposition of his property was concerned he had made his will several years earlier. Now he dictated certain directions of an

informal character, one of which was that in the event of his demise Hazrat Khalifatul Masih, who was then in Dalhousie, may be requested to lead his funeral prayers. Thereafter he expressed no concern about anything. He condition continued to improve, he was able to take his meals and to get up and walk. One day I mentioned to him that I had received a letter from Hazrat Khalifatul Masih in which he had urged me to visit him in Dalhousie, as I had never visited Dalhousie; whereupon he observed quite eagerly: That would be nice. We shall all go to Dalhousie. My mother remarked: What about your health! He said: Allah may grant me health; who knows.

Towards the end of the month he began to feel pressure on his lung. His regular physician had had to go out of Lahore, and had committed him to the care of an equally competent colleague, who advised that water had again accumulated at the base of the lung and should be extracted. My father was somewhat reluctant, but agreed at the suggestion of my mother and myself. The next day, Sunday 29th August, the physician brought an assistant with him and they extracted the water. My mother had withdrawn to a neighbouring room where she was occupied with supplication. When the operation was finished she was informed. She returned and observed the backs of the physicians who were departing through the ante-room. She was disturbed and exclaimed: May Allah send us good; and reminded me of a dream that she had related to me a few days earlier in which she had seen two men in European dress departing through the ante-room. Their backs had looked exactly like the backs of the physicians, and someone pointing to them said: Those two have slaughtered Chaudhri Sahib.

My father felt some relief after the operation, but in the afternoon his breathing became uneasy and he felt some pain. By the morning of the 30th the pain had subsided, but breathing continued uneasy, and gradually a decline set in. He realised that he had entered the last stage of his illness, but he exhibited no uneasiness nor gave expression to any worry. He complied calmly with the course of the treatment that was prescribed. On the early morning of Tuesday, 31st August, I left him and withdrew to my room to say Fajr Prayer. He heard the sound of my anguished supplications and urged my mother to go immediately to re-assure me. She came and waited till I had finished and then told me to be steadfast, as my father would depart on Thursday night. I asked her whether she had dreamt something.

Yes. I saw your father busy writing something as if to complete some urgent task. A young woman was sitting in the room on a sofa. Shukrullah Khan (my brother) said to your father: Sir, if you are going, take this young lady with you. Your father looked over his shoulder, without moving in his chair, and said: My dear, I will be released on Friday. His employing the expression released is an indication that he will depart as soon as Friday begins. So, whatever the doctors may think, you should be ready to accept with steadfastness that which God, in His mercy, has determined, and should start making preparations now to the end that his body may be transported in the early hours of Friday morning to Qadian where he is to be buried. Send a message to your brothers at Daska that two of them should come up immediately and bring with them the sheets that have to serve as his shroud; the third should go and fetch your sister and should be told not to delay their arrival beyond the afternoon of Thursday. They should all be warned to treat this intimation as strictly confidential, for otherwise everyone would run up to Lahore.

She added: Instruct someone to order a coffin for him which should be ready by Thursday afternoon. Also arrange that the transportation needed for the journey to Qadian should be available at 2.00 a.m. on Friday.

Except for a slight difficulty in breathing, my father did not appear to have any other trouble. He was in full possession of his faculties, was fully conscious and carried on conversation. Only he was progressively becoming weaker. On the morning of Wednesday, September 1, finding myself alone with him, I said to him: I trust you will not feel lonely. The separation will not be long. We will soon be reunited. He responded: I am well content with whatever may be my Master's pleasure.

During the afternoon my mother suggested that I might recite the 36th Chapter of the Holy Quran to him. I asked him whether he would wish to listen to the recitation. He signified assent. After I finished the recitation I enquired whether he would wish me to recite any other portion. He said: I am finding it difficult to concentrate.

My brothers, Shukrullah Khan and Asadullah Khan and some other close relations arrived later that day.

On Thursday, September 2, his breathing became normal. He was getting weaker, but was fully conscious. Occasionally he dozed.

He told my mother he was completely at rest and when he dozed he saw that the room was full of flowers that yielded delicious fragrance. The physician gave him injections at short intervals to strengthen the heart. He did not object, though he did not think they were called for. Noticing my grief he tried to comfort me with: Such situations are unavoidable.

In the late afternoon Babu Abdul Hamid, Railway auditor, whom I had requested to look after the necessary arrangements, called to see me and told me that the coffin was ready, and the cars would arrive at 2.00 a.m. He enquired about my father and I told him I was talking to him when he was announced.

My brother Abdullah Khan arrived with our sister. He shook hands with father and held his hand between both his own awhile. Father withdrew his hand and placing it on my knee said to Abdullah: My dear, I prefer to rest it here.

I knew on the basis of my mother's dream that his time was running out fast and my heart yearned to keep in touch with him. At one time I whispered into his ear: I love you so dearly that I wish I could take over your trouble. He put his arm round my neck and drawing my face close to his whispered into my ear: Such a wish has not divine approval. Everyone at his proper turn.

A few minutes later I asked him: Do you know who said: You were the pupil of my eye, and now my eye is sightless; Let him who will die after you, I was fearful only of you.

He answered: Hassan bin Thabet said it of the Holy Prophet, peace be on him.

Dinner was announced. No one was disposed to eat, but father insisted that the servants should not be kept waiting. I led the guests into the dining-room but stayed only a few minutes and returned quickly to father's side. The evening was sultry and mother suggested' that his bed may be moved to the bigger courtyard where there might be a breeze. I asked father and he agreed. I gave directions and asked him again: Would you prefer to be there? Mother said: He has passed on. She recited: There is no one worthy of worship save Allah, Muhammad is His Messenger. To Allah we belong and to Him shall we return. She supplicated: Allah, of Thy grace, receive his soul into Thy mercy, and accommodate him under the standard of the Holy Prophet at the feet of the Promised Messiah, peace be on both of them.

While the last offices were being performed I went a couple of

times on tiptoe to the door of mother's room to see how she was bearing up under the shock of the heavy loss. She was seated among the women calmly describing the course of his illness. When all was ready, the funeral service was performed and she joined in it, along with the women. When the coffin was about to be placed in the van, I escorted her to the coffin and she made her farewell: I commit you to Allah. You kept me very happy and fulfilled even my least desire. My heart was ever pleased with you. I cannot recall any occasion when I felt any grievance against you, but if there was any such I forgive you for the sake of Allah. On my side there were many defaults for which I shall seek Allah's forgiveness. May Allah receive you into His mercy. Convey my greetings to your father, and if possible let us know how you fare.

The last few words probably escaped her involuntarily and except for them she accepted God's will not only steadfastly but to all appearances cheerfully. She gave no vent to her grief at the termination of a faithful and loving companionship, extending over close upon half a century, which was an example for every beholder. She alone knew how her heart suffered, but that was her holy secret, which she would not betray to anyone. God alone was her confidant and consolation and He sufficed her.

A telegram was despatched to Hazrat Khalifatul Masih at Dalhousie, conveying the intimation of the passing away of his Chief Secretary. We left Lahore with the sacred remains of that steadfast servant of Allah in the early hours of the morning and arrived at Qadian shortly after sunrise on Friday, September 3. Hazrat Khalifatul Masih sent word that he was on his way and would himself lead the funeral service. There had been heavy rain and the roads were flooded. He and his party did not reach Qadian till after midnight. He led the funeral service at 9.00 a.m. on Saturday, September 4, and gave permission for burial in the plot reserved for notable companions of the Promised Messiah immediately to the west of the plot in which the Promised Messiah was buried. The moment the burial was completed a sudden shower of rain fell so that no water was needed for moulding the heap of earth into a mound above the grave.

Hazrat Khalifatul Masih himself wrote his memorial to be inscribed on the headstone of his tomb. It ran as follows:

In the name of Allah, Most Gracious, Ever Merciful. We praise

Him and call down His blessings on His Noble Messenger and on His servant the Promised Messiah.

Chaudhri Nasrullah Khan Pleader of Sialkot swore allegiance to the Promised Messiah, peace be on him, in 1904, at Sialkot during the latter's visit there, though he had been sincerely inclined towards him for a long time. His wife had joined the Movement before him on the basis of her dreams. He was a very noble, serious-minded, sincere man. He advanced very quickly in his devotion. He committed the Holy Quran to memory at a ripe age. Eventually, at my suggestion, he wound up his flourishing practice of the law and dedicated his life to the service of the faith. In his ever growing zeal he came and settled down at Qadian. I appointed him Chief Secretary, the duties of which office he performed with great diligence and devotion. He performed the pilgrimage also at the same time. In the discharge of his functions he was inspired by the desire of winning Allah's pleasure, of earning my good-will, and promoting the welfare of his Ahmadi brethren. As he worked in close association with me I found him farsighted and appreciative of even slight hints. He worked with such perfect good-will that my heart was filled with affection and gratitude. His remembrance warms my heart. I pray that Allah may be pleased to exalt him and may enable his children to advance and rise in the same spirit and our Movement may produce large numbers of people to follow in the footsteps of such devoted workers. Amen.

Leaving Qadian on September 5 we arrived at Daska in the afternoon. My mother had directed that we should arrange to arrive at Daska at the time of the Zuhr Prayer service, so that she should occupy herself with Prayer immediately on arrival home and the women who might arrive for condolence should have no opportunity or excuse to indulge in any demonstration. One of the women, a non-Ahmadi, told my mother that she had very high fever the previous day and became unconscious. In that condition she saw Mian Jumman, our family steward, who said to her: Come let me take you to Qadian. They set out and presently Mian Jumman pointed ahead and said: Look there is Qadian. They entered a large garden and saw a mansion in the front room of which they saw my father sitting on a couch reading the Holy Quran, while a young handsome woman waved a fan. There were all kinds of fruits in the room. My father asked them to sit down and said to her: Tell

Zafrulla Khan's mother I am very happy. She came back to consciousness and felt that the fever had left her.

Mother was cheered by the woman's recital, but wondered what was the significance of the handsome young woman whom she had seen in her own dream and who had also appeared in the unconscious state of this woman.

The very next day one of her sisters arrived to visit my mother and related almost exactly the same dream to her with this slight variation that my father said to her: Tell your sister I am very happy, and that this young woman is appointed only to serve me.

VII

MY MOTHER'S RESIDENCE WITH ME

My father had wished that after his death my mother should make her home with me. During his last illness he conveyed as much to her; and this coincided with her own inclination. On my side it had never occurred to me that any other arrangement would be feasible. We had always been so close to each other that my father's death only made us closer. Thus I deemed myself richly blest that I should be privileged to serve her for the rest of her days. My wife was equally devoted to her and there was no apprehension at any time of the slightest rift between them. My brothers had known throughout that my mother and I were inseparable and that she was happiest in my company. There was not the slightest jealousy on the part of any of them at any time. She was most welcome in their homes whenever she chose to visit any of them, which was often; and she made them, their wives and children welcome when they visited her. It proved a very happy arrangement, by Allah's grace.

About that time I had built a house in the Model Town, a few miles outside Lahore. My mother had her own room and bathroom in it. While I had an office in town and my working day was spent in town, I made it a rule that I spent a part of the evening with her in her room, even on such occasions when because of a dinner or any other engagement in town I arrived home late. Some years later when my youngest brother, Asadullah Khan, qualified as a barrister and started working as my junior, he arranged to live with his family in an apartment above our offices. Mother found this a very convenient arrangement. She drove with me to town in the morning, spent the day with Asadullah Khan's family and drove back with me in the evening. Thus she felt she was close to me throughout. She told me that when she observed me from her window walking into court, she began praying that I should return to the office with success and honour. She took an interest in my work and often said that by retaining me as their lawyer, my clients simultaneously retained her as their supplicator. Thus they too became her ben-

eficiaries. I have no doubt that I owed my rapid rise in my profession to her prayers.

Having her with us was a divine bounty. She radiated beneficence far and wide without discrimination. Our home was illumined by her blessed presence. Those of us who were close to her benefited from her prayers all the time. She was extremely intelligent and had a very sensitive heart. I was often in default, but she forgave me quickly, and rewarded my devotion with continuous repeated prayers. This was a characteristic of her which was experienced by everyone who came in contact with her. She was quick and generous in bestowing reward and charity.

On one occasion she remarked to me that she often wondered why did I obey her in everything and was eager to carry out her least wish. As she expected a response, I said: First, because you are my mother, and God has enjoined obedience to you; secondly, because of your unbounded love for me; and thirdly, because I hope that when under God's mercy you should meet father you may tell him that I have been wholly obedient to you and you have been pleased with me. She put her hand over her heart and affirmed: That I certainly will.

In one respect alone she had always been strict and uncompromising, and that was her jealousy for the faith. At one time my father used to read the Mathnavi of Maulana Jalaluddeen Rumi with an old sufi, who visited him once or twice a week. On one occasion when he called, my father was not at home, and the servant told the visitor that he had gone to Qadian. The sufi, a non-Ahmadi, was chagrined and gave vent to his annoyance in uttering something disrespectful concerning the Holy Founder of the Movement. He was overheard by my mother who was outraged and called out to the servant: Push this babbling old hypocrite out of my house, and tell him never to set foot in it in future lest worse befall him.

Within a few weeks of my father's death I was elected a Member of the Punjab Legislative Council, which proved to be the opening of the way to a public career for me. Mian Sir Fazal-i-Husain was the Leader of the house. He was a Barrister-at-Law. He started his practice at Sialkot, had known my father and had held him in high esteem. He had given me letters of introduction when I came to England for my studies, and on my return had sponsored my application for enrolment as Advocate of the Chief Court. In 1919, when he was Secretary of the Law College Committee, he had

procured my appointment as part-time Lecturer in the University Law College. He was appointed Minister of Education in the Government of the Punjab in 1920 and held that office for five years with great distinction to the lasting benefit of the people of the Province. He was then appointed Revenue Member. From the beginning of my membership of the Legislative Council he gave me his confidence and treated me as his principal lieutenant.

In the autumn of 1927 the Muslim Members of the Legislative Council, at the suggestion of Sir Fazal-i-Husain, asked me to proceed to Britain as their representative for the purpose of presenting the Muslim point of view to leading British public men, in anticipation of the appointment ofthe Royal Commission on Indian Constitutional Reforms, subsequently known as the Simon Commission. In pursuance of their mandate I spent about six weeks in London and had interviews with a number of leading British personalities. For me this proved valuable education in itself. Sir Fazal-i-Husain was pleased with my report.

Earlier that year my mother, my wife and I had gone on a visit to my father-in-law, Chaudhri Shamshad Ali Khan, I.C.S. at Giridih in the Province of Bihar, where he was posted as Sub-Divisional Officer. On the very first day of our visit mother saw in her dream my wife seeking to pick fruit from a fruit tree standing in the garden of the house. My father told her that the fruit was not yet ripe. At its due season he would himself bring her some in a plate. My mother said to him: We have had to travel 900 miles by train to get here. How is it that you have arrived here so quickly? He said: I have accompanied you all the way.

Chaudhri Shamshad Ali Khan dabbled in the occult, and one evening suggested to mother that she might participate in one of his exercises at communicating with the spirits of the departed. She put him off with the remark that she could not persuade herself that the spirits of the departed were at the beck and call of everyone who might choose to summon them at his or her pleasure. He proceeded with his exercise and after some experimentation invited her to come and communicate with the spirit of her husband, but she said: Please tell him to continue occupied with whatever the mercy of Allah has prescribed for him. That is far more blessed than communicating with me.

She was fond of travelling and enjoyed scenes of natural beauty. In the summer of 1928 Hazrat Khalifatul Masih had gone to

Kashmir and he and his party were staying in houseboats moored along the Jhelum river. During the High Court vacation we also went to Kashmir and put up in a houseboat which was moored next to the houseboats of Hazrat Sahib's party. Chaudhri Shah Nawaz was also with us. I had been nominated a member of a committee of the Legislative Council and was called away for its meetings. During my absence the river was flooded for three days and the level of the water rose dangerously high. One night was passed in extreme anxiety. On my return mother told me that she had spent the whole of that night in supplication for the safety of Hazrat Sahib and all members of the party. At one time Sahibzadah Mirza Bashir Ahmad's boat threatened to slip its moorings and everyone was terrified. Shah Nawaz had gone early to bed and mother let him sleep through all this without disturbing him. From time to time she went to the door of his cabin and made sure that he was sleeping peacefully. She supplicated: Allah, he is thy bounty that Thou didst bestow in Thy mercy on his father in his old age. Do Thou, of Thy grace, safeguard him. For herself, she said, she had no fear. She felt secure in the vicinity of Hazrat Khalifatul Masih.

While in Kashmir, the conversation between us on one occasion turned on the progress of the Movement. I expressed surprise that while my discussions and argumentations with people did not seem to produce much effect, anyone who came in contact with her was deeply affected. Would she disclose the secret to me? She said: As you well know I have no book learning. If there is any secret it must be that I have the love and fear of God in my heart. I realised that that was the highest and truest learning.

In the spring of 1930 Sir Fazal-i-Husain was appointed a Member of the Executive Council of the Governor-General. I congratulated him on his appointment, and told him how sadly he would be missed in the Province. He said: I was none too keen on leaving the Province, but two considerations prevailed with me. The Governor-General (Lord Irwin, later Lord Halifax) urged me in a manner that was difficult to resist. Secondly, I have held ministerial office in the Province for ten years, and though my succession will go only to a single individual everyone seems anxious to see me out of the way. Even when a father gets old his sons become impatient for the succession.

. I protested: My father died nearly four years ago. I have not ceased missing him sorely every moment.

He shook his head and said in a solemn tone: Few fathers are like what your father was, and few sons are like you.

I was overwhelmed.

I was re-elected unopposed in 1930 to the Punjab Legislative Council. About the same time His Majesty's Government convened a Round Table Conference in London on Indian- Constitutional Reforms. I was nominated as one of the British Indian delegates. The Governor of the Punjab, Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency, sent for me and tried to persuade me to accept office as a minister, but I told him I would prefer to go to the Round Table Conference.

The opening of the conference in St. James's Palace was a gala affair. Though the Indian National Congress had refused to participate, all other interests, Princely and British Indian, were well represented. The Muslim delegation was led by His Highness the Aga Khan and included such distinguished personalities as Mr. Muhammad Ali Jinnah, the Ali brothers (Maulana Shaukat Ali and Maulana Muhammad Ali), Sir Muhammad Shafi and his daughter Begum Shah Nawaz, Sir Ahmad Saeed Khan, Nawab of Chhattari, Sir Syed Sultan Ahmad, Sir Abdul Halim Ghaznavi, Nawab Sir Abdul Qayyum Khan and several others. It was a privilege to be associated with the representatives of the princely order and of British India, and to work under the leadership of that most gracious personality His Highness the Agha Khan, from whom I became the recipient of numerous favours in the course of the succeeding years.

The conference was adjourned in January 1931. In April 1931, I was appointed Senior Crown Counsel in the Delhi Conspiracy Trial and took up residence in Delhi. My mother divided her time between Daska, Lahore and Delhi.

VIII

DREAMS AND PORTENTS

The second Round Table Conference was convened in the autumn of 1931, and I was again nominated a delegate. The conspiracy Trial was making slow progress. The principal approver had been examined-in-chief by me during seventeen sittings of the Tribunal and was being cross-examined by defence counsel in a leisurely fashion when I left for London. The Governor-General had succeeded in persuading the Indian National Congress to participate in the Round Table Conference, and the Congress had nominated Mr. Gandhi as its sole delegate. The conference adjourned in December and I returned to Delhi. The approver was still under cross-examination.

My mother had seen in a dream that my marriage to Asaf, youngest daughter of Sir Fazal-i-Husain was being celebrated. She asked me to request Hazart Khalifatul Masih to interpret the extraordinary dream. His interpretation was that I would suffer some physical injury, and would achieve high rank through the favour of Sir Fazal-i-Husain.

During the Christmas recess of the Tribunal I went to Lahore to be with mother. On the morning of New Year's Day, 1932, I was preparing to drive back to Delhi, when I perceived that mother looked distressed and occasionally wiped away a furtive tear. I became anxious and enquired: Is anything worrying you? She answered with a wan smile: No, except the parting from you. I suggested that she might accompany me, and she said she would follow me after a few days. Leaving Model Town I stopped for a few minutes in Lahore to see a friend. On saying good-bye to him I was about to open the rear door of the car when he suggested that as my journey was long I would feel more comfortable if I occupied the front seat, next to the chauffeur. He opened the front door and I got in. Soon after 1.30 p.m. between Kartarpur and Jullundhur, a car ahead of us left the metalled part of the road and swerved on to the unmetalled part, thus raising a thick cloud of dust wherein

our car collided head on with a bullock cart, killing one of the bullocks. The radiator of the car was smashed, the centre shaft of the bullock cart shattered the windscreen and hit the left side of my face. The impact stunned me for a moment. The skin over my cheek-bone was torn and the bone was exposed. The socket around the left eye was cracked but the eye was not injured, the nasal septum was bent and my upper lip was cut open. I lost several teeth and bled profusely. The chauffeur fortunately escaped unhurt. A passing lorry was stopped and conveyed me to the civil hospital in Jullundhur, where the surgeon stitched and dressed my injuries and did a very good job of it. I was allotted a room in the hospital and Shaikh Ghulam Dastgir, a local lawyer friend, very kindly did his best to make me comfortable. Mother was informed over the telephone and arrived at the hospital about midnight. Her immediate reaction was deep gratitude that by divine mercy my life had been spared. She then told me that her distress at the time of my departure from Lahore was occasioned by a dream of the previous night. She had seen a black cloud which arose suddenly and covered everything. Out of it lightning struck and then everything cleared up. People said no great harm had ensued, but that the neighbouring house had been damaged. She noticed that a dark scar had been left on the outer wall of my room where the lightning had struck. She gave alms and had naturally been anxious.

After two days in the Jullundhur hospital I was moved to the Mayo hospital in Lahore, where I stayed for ten days. I was then permitted to go to my own house in the Model Town. My injuries were healing satisfactorily. On the evening of 16th January my temperature shot up suddenly and I had high fever. I had the feeling that it was a sudden attack of malaria that would subside quickly, but mother was much agitated and occupied herself with pitiful supplications. She stayed with me till midnight when my temperature became normal. Being reassured she told me why she had been unduly agitated. She said: In Jullundhur I related only a part of my dream to you. What I did not tell you was the second part of the dream. I had seen that with some women of the family I went over the roof of the neighbouring house and descended into the house, where we talked with the people of the house for some time. For the return we ascended to the roof of their house, and as I was about to step on to it I drew back for I noticed that the roof had disappeared leaving only a few bare rafters. I warned my companions

that the roof had fallen, and expressed my surprise that when we were in the room below, the ceiling had appeared beautiful and well decorated, and now everything was ruined. Then I woke up. This evening when your temperature went up suddenly, I feared lest the second part of my dream was about to be fulfilled, and was distressed. Allah be praised for His reassurance.

Early next morning, January 17, 1932, a telegram arrived from Bihar that my father-in-law, Shamshad Ali Khan, had been accidentally shot dead and his body was being despatched by train to Qadian for burial. This reminded me of my own dream of twenty years earlier when I was a student in London. In the beginning of January 1912, I dreamt that someone gave me a piece of paper on which was written in Urdu: Shamshad Ali Khan who was the centre of so many hopes passed away on the sixteenth of this month. Note this down; there are many signs in this. On waking up I noted down the item in my notebook. Shamshad Ali Khan was then a student in Government College, Lahore. We were very good friends and corresponded with each other regularly. He was married and had a daughter, who was born in December 1910. At the time when I had this dream she was just over a year old. Shamshad Ali Khan wrote to me in one of his letters that he had seen me in his dream fondling his baby. My mother was fond of Shamshad Ali Khan and loved him like a son. Thus his house was in a sense adjacent to our house.

Next day I went from Lahore to Amristsar and thence accompanied his body to Qadian. That sad duty performed, I proceeded to Delhi and resumed my duties as Senior Crown Counsel in the Conspiracy Case. Thereafter whenever mother had occasion to pass through Jullundhur in the course of a journey she offered two rakas of prayer in remembrance of my life having been spared by divine mercy.

When the Tribunal adjourned for the Easter weekend I went to Lahore to be with mother. There I received a message that Sir Fazal-i-Husain desired me to see him in Simla on my way back to Delhi. On arrival in Simla I found that he was sick in bed. I was shown into his room and he told me that his health, which had for some years been indifferent, had deteriorated further so that he was compelled to ask for leave for four months and had recommended to the Governor-General (Lord Willingdon) that I should officiate for him during his absence. The Governor-General had agreed. This

meant that I should resign from my office of Crown Counsel in the Conspiracy Case. The accused in the case were a bunch of young terrorists well-educated, who had been assigned counsel of their choice for their defence at Government expense, and had been up to all kinds of tricks and had recourse to every device they could think of to obstruct the trial and frustrate the prosecution. At the end of the last day of my appearance before the Tribunal, the President and defence counsel made the customary valedictory observations, and two of the accused indicated that they also wished to say something. I was apprehensive that their remarks were not likely to be complimentary and might prove embarrassing for me. I was, however, very agreeably surprised. The substance of what they said was: We associate ourselves with what our counsel has said. We are no judges of the Crown Counsel's legal qualifications and ability, but we wish to acknowledge that he has conducted the prosecution case like a gentleman. One of them who had been released on bail came to the railway station to bid me a personal farewell.

From Delhi I went to Lahore to meet Sir Fazal-i-Husain who was to be entertained next day at lunch by his friends and admirers. I asked him if he had any instructions for me. He said: I cannot look over your shoulder all the time. You must swim or sink on your own.

I had been, by the pure mercy and grace of Allah, suddenly elevated to the highest office of state without any previous experience of public administration. My only resource was to seek guidance through prayer. On my arrival in Simla I found that there was a cabinet meeting in the afternoon in which the draft Defence Despatch to be submitted to the Secretary of State for India in connection with the proposed Constitutional Reforms was to come under consideration. Defence was a subject of which I knew nothing. There was no one from whom it was open to me to seek advice. I began the study of the Desptach and as I proceeded I found it was a well drawn up document which I could follow without much difficulty. At four places I felt it could be slightly improved, and these I ticked on the margin. In the meeting the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Philip Chetwode, was assisted by his very competent Chief of Staff General Wigram. In my turn I presented my suggestions at the places I had marked. Each time I noticed General Wigram smile and nod appreciatively. He leaned forward and

whispered to Sir Philip who signified acceptance. I came out of the meeting feeling that, by Allah's grace, I had been enabled to pass my first test. In addition, as it turned out, I had won the firm friendship and support of Sir Philip Chetwode, which stood me in good stead at certain crucial moments.

In due course the draft Home Office Despatch came before the Cabinet. On one question I dissented from the draft, which was approved by the rest of the Cabinet. My dissent, drafted by me, was appended to the Despatch. In his comments the Secretary of State observed: The only sensible and practicable solution of this difficult problem is that set out in the paragraph of dissent.

Mother was with us in Simla. Late one evening in July 1932, I received a telegram from Lahore despatched by my brother Asa-dullah Khan, intimating that our cousin Chaudhri Jalaluddin, Deputy Postmaster General, to whom mother had been much attached, had expired after a few hours' illness. Mother had retired for the night, and Chaudhri Bashir Ahmad, who was with me when the telegram was delivered, and I both considered that the sad news had better be conveyed to her in the morning, so that her night rest should not be disturbed. In the morning when I went to her I found that she was resting in bed and looked perturbed. On my enquiry she told me that she was disturbed by two of her dreams of the previous night. In the first one she had seen my father supporting a member of the family, whom she had not been able to identify and who was wrapped in a white sheet, down the staircase. She woke up, and when she slept again, she dreamt that someone gave her a note-book. On her enquiry about it she was told that Jalaluddin had been transferred and this was his account book. I said: Then you would not be fit to travel today. She exclaimed: Why, what has happened? I told her.

During the British regime in India a certain number of British military units were stationed in India. Their salaries and other expenses were defrayed by India and were included in the defence budget of India. In addition, India was charged with a certain proportion of the expenses incurred by Britain in connection with their recruitment and training. These charges were called Capitation Rates. For some time India had been urging upon Britain that the basis of the assessment of Capitation Rates bore harshly upon India, and it was decided to appoint a Tribunal to examine the question and report on it. The Tribunal was composed of the Chief Justice

of Australia as Chairman, and two British and two Indian Judges as Members. It was to sit in London through the autumn. The Governor-General mentioned to me that Sir Philip Chetwode was keen that I should present India's case to the Tribunal, but that Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of State for India, desired that I should attend the Third Round Table Conference, which would be convened about the same time. I chose to go to the Round Table Conference.

After the Conference His Majesty's Government presented a White Paper to Parliament, setting forth its proposals on Indian Constitutional Reforms, which was committed for consideration and report to a Joint Select Committee of both Houses. The Committee invited an Indian Delegation to sit with it and participate in the examination of witnesses. I was a member of the Delegation. The Committee started its sittings in the spring of 1933, and with a break for recess continued the examination of witnesses through the autumn. During the Committee's recess I led a small Indian Delegation tothe Commonwealth Relations Conference, which was held in Toronto, Canada.

In 1934 I was appointed to succeed Sir Fazal-i-Husain in the Governor-General's Executive Council on the expiry of his term in the spring of 1935.

My wife getting tired of my frequent absences from home had at one time suggested to mother that she should advise me to decline invitations to go abroad. Mother turned down her suggestion, remarking: He knows best what he should do. I do not wish him to feel that I have any desire to act as a brake on his activities. During these absences of mine she stayed with my wife to keep her company. In 1933 one afternoon when she was in the inner courtyard, happening to raise her eyes towards a neighbouring house which was under construction she noticed that one of the builders was pointing towards the inner courtyard of our house while a labourer stood next to him. She imagined for a moment that possibly the builder was suggesting to the labourer that it would be easy to enter the house at night by scaling the wall of the inner courtyard, and then was remorseful that she had been guilty of thinking ill of two poor honest workers. At once she occupied herself with humble supplications seeking forgiveness for her default. The same night while she was asleep in the verandah opening on the inner courtyard, she felt that someone had sat down gently on the edge of her bed.

The side of her mosquito-net was raised and a hand began to fumble for one of the heavy gold bangles she was wearing. She sat up and queried: Who are you? and called for lights to be switched on. Hearing her call the intruder stood up, and as the lights came on he slipped into the courtyard. She followed him rebuking him severely for his impudence in trespassing into the women's part of the house. He seemed non-plussed, and went on retreating towards the wall of the courtyard while she kept advancing towards him and calling for the servants. She realised that she was in great danger and the trespasser could despatch her with a single stroke, but God gave her courage and she pursued him till the wall of the courtyard. In the meantime Asadullah Khan and the servants arrived and discovered the man lying flat on the top of the wall of the courtyard. They secured him and then gave chase to two of his companions who were waiting for him outside and caught them. They turned out to be the labourers whom she had noticed in the afternoon, when they were working on the construction of the neighbouring house. They were handed over to the police and were in due course put on trial for housebreaking.

Now mother was overcome with pity for them. She hoped they would not be dealt with severely. She felt they were poor labourers who had thoughtlessly yielded to a momentary evil impulse. The one who had entered the courtyard cowered even before an old woman. She thought imprisonment for three or four months would be enough punishment for him, and his two companions should be let off altogether. The magistrate sentenced all of them to imprisonment for a year.

At this stage I returned home and mother related the incident to me and urged me to do something to procure a reduction in their sentence. I submitted that I did not see what I could do in that respect. Their appeal was pending before the Sessions Judge. If they would be prepared to trust me, I might argue their appeal, without charging them a fee. It may be that the Judge may be moved to leniency towards them by the consideration that I pleaded for mercy for them. But the situation would be embarrassing for me. The Judge may think that I was pleading their cause in return for a fee. Also in order to help them I may have to criticise the statements of Asadullah Khan and my own servants.

My mother said: I would not wish to place you in such a situation. Think of something else.

I suggested that if their appeal was dismissed and the High Court rejected their petition for revision I could approach the Governor and request a reduction of their sentence. She did not consider that would be appropriate either. So she decided to pray for them and continued her supplications throughout the period during which their appeal was pending. The Sessions Judge reduced the sentence of the principal delinquent to four months' imprisonment, and of his two companions to the period of imprisonment already undergone by them. Mother was pleased and rendered thanks for divine mercy extended to the culprits.

In the spring of 1934 she saw an extraordinary dream the fulfilment of which proved most instructive in several respects. She felt that she was in her own room and through the window of the room she observed a globe of light oscillating slowly across the window from right to left like the pendulum of a clock. When it arrived in the vertical position before the window a most majestic voice issued from it and she heard the words in punjabi: Shall be Chief Justice Zafrulla Khan son of Nasrullah Khan. The globe oscillated on to the left and then returned to the right, and again when it arrived in the vertical position before the window, the same words were repeated very emphatically. The phenomenon was repeated a third time. Then she woke up.

She related the dream to me. Whatever the interpretation, certain things were clear. The light, the majesty of the voice, the emphatic 'shall be' all indicated that what was to happen would happen despite its apparent improbability. My identification as the son of my father, whose name Nasrullah meant divine help, indicated that the consummation would not be brought about as a normal process, but through the special grace of Allah. It was also implied that during the intervening period, through Allah's grace, I would not fall into obscurity or indigence.

The dream was fulfilled in 1970, thirty six years after my mother saw it, thirty-two years after her death. The court with reference to which it was fulfilled was not established till February 6, 1946, which incidentally was my fifty-third birthday. Its fulfilment and the history and process of its fulfilment provide for the sceptical and materialistic world of today positive and irrefutable proof of the existence of the All-Knowing, All-Powerful God, with whom a humble and almost unlettered handmaiden of His, whose principal quality was the fear and love of God, could establish direct

relationship. As the fulfilment of the dream was the culmination of my public career, it would be most instructive to trace very briefly the relevant incidents of my public career which tended in one direction or the other in that context.

IX

FULFILMENT OF DREAM (A)

Sir Shadi Lal had become Chief Justice of the Lahore High Court in 1919. He was a very shrewd and far-seeing person. Certain indications had convinced me that he was determined to obstruct my career as far as it lay within his power to do so. As early as the spring of 1930 Sir Fazal-i-Husain told me that the Governor, Sir Geoffrey de Montmorency, had made every effort to persuade Sir Shadi Lal to recommend me for appointment to a vacancy on the High Court Bench, but the Chief Justice would not agree.

About the same time my brother Asadullah Khan, who was studying for the Bar in England, wrote to me that Mr. Justice Harrison, one of the senior judges of the Lahore High Court on leave in England, had told him that Sir Shadi Lal would never recommend me for appointment to the High Court Bench.

Sir Shadi Lal was appointed a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the spring of 1934 and was to leave the High Court in May of that year. In April he sent me a message that I should call on him. There was at that time a vacancy on the High Court Bench and I felt that the Chief Justice was now inclined to recommend me for appointment to it. Chaudhri Sir Shahbuddin confirmed this and urged me to call on Sir Shadi Lal who was anxious to see me. I told him that I was no longer interested in a seat on the Bench and that he might tell the Chief Justice so.

Sir Douglas Young, a judge of the Allahabad High Court, was appointed Chief Justice of the Lahore High Court in succession to Sir Shadi Lal. On the very first Sunday after he had taken over he sent for me and as soon as I had greeted him said: Chaudhri Sahib, why do you not come and sit with me on the Bench?

I thanked him for his kind offer, but expressed my inability to accept it. He then said: Should you change your mind, let me know and I shall recommend you for appointment to the first permanent vacancy on the Bench that should become available.

He was from the very first day most kind to me. I never lost a case in his court.

In May 1935 I succeeded Sir Fazal-i-Husain as Member of the Executive Council of the Governor-General. The term of office of a Member was five years. On the expiry of my term in May 1940 I was re-appointed for another full term under a fresh Royal Warrant. This had never happened before in 163 years of British Administration.

In March 1941 the Muslim Judge on the Federal (later Supreme) Court of India, Sir Shah Sulaiman, died. The Chief Justice of the Federal Court, Sir Maurice Gwyer, told the Governor-General, that I was the only Muslim he would recommend for filling the vacancy. The Governor-General, Lord Linlithgow, expressed his inability to spare me. As their difference could not be immediately resolved, the Chief Justice of the Bombay High Court, Sir John Beaumont, was appointed temporarily as Acting Judge of the Federal Court. I was not aware of the difference between the Governor-General and the Chief Justice.

On 10th June I saw in a dream that I was working in my office room in my official residence in Simla, when the door giving on the verandah opened suddenly and my brother-in-law, Inayatullah, came in with a very broad smile on his face. The dream was so vivid and left such a deep impress on my mind that I hurried through my preparation in the morning in anticipation of meeting him at breakfast. It was only when I was ready that I realised that I had seen him in my dream and that he had not arrived in person.

Two days later I met my friend Inamullah in a dream. I was struck by the sequence and had a feeling that the two dreams were harbingers of something good. On 14th June, I met a namesake of mine, Zafarullah, in my dream. Now I was certain that some change was pending and my mind was being prepared to accept it and welcome it as a divine bounty and a means of success, inasmuch as Inayatullah means divine favour, Inamullah means divine bounty and Zafarullah means success or victory bestowed by Allah.

On Sunday, 15th June, Shaikh Ijaz Ahmad and Chaudhri Bashir Ahmad arrived from Delhi for their ten days' summer recess. I told them that some significant change in my public career was approaching. They asked me whether I had seen a dream. I related my three dreams to them.

Monday was my day of weekly interview with the Governor-

General. I told his Private Secretary over the telephone that as I had nothing to submit to or discuss with His Excellency, I did not intend to come up. He told me that His Excellency wished to speak to me. When I arrived he mentioned to me the difference that had arisen between him and the Chief Justice over the appointment to the Federal Bench and added: Finally, we have agreed to leave the choice to you. If, as I hope, you wish to remain with me, the Chief Justice must look elsewhere for a colleague. Should you wish to go to the Court, I must reconcile myself to the loss. Reflect over the matter, and let me know your wishes when you come to see me next week.

Sir, I do not need a week for reflection. I can tell you now.

Ah, I am so happy. You do not wish to go!

No, Sir, I would rather go.

I am very disappointed. But I have given my word to the Chief Justice and I must keep it. But would you take me into your confidence. You have still nearly four years of your second term on the Council. Under your advice substantial advances on the executive side have been decided upon. At your age you can look forward to anything you may desire under the new conditions. Can you tell me why do you wish to go and bury yourself in the backwater of the Court?

Perhaps it is a matter of temperament. I feel more at home with law than with administration.

As you wish. But I hope you will not be in a hurry to leave.

The Court is in vacation, and will re-convene in the beginning of October. I shall be glad to carryon here till the end of September.

That is some comfort.

Lord Linlithgow had been Chairman of the Joint Select Committee of both Houses of Parliament which had been set up in 1933 to consider and report on the White Paper which had been submitted to Parliament embodying proposals on Constitutional Reforms in India. I was a member of the Indian delegation that was associated with the Joint Select Committee during the stage of the examination of witnesses. I had understood that the Chairman appreciated my contribution to the work of the Committee.

Lord Linlithgow succeeded Lord Willingdon as Viceroy and Governor-General of India in 1936. I was then a Member of the Governor-General's Executive Council. He was throughout most kind to me, encouraged me and gave me his confidence. I was loath

to disappoint him in the matter of my choice to go to the Federal Court, but I was convinced that my three dreams were a divine directive which must be complied with. Despite his genuine disappointment, however, he did not withdraw his confidence from me. In conformity with my own suggestion the Executive Council was to be enlarged and my two portfolios, Law and Supply, would be held by two members. The Governor-General asked me to suggest names of suitable persons who should succeed me and accepted both my suggestions. He then instructed me to procure their acceptances in confidence, which I did.

In February 1942 Chiang Kai Shek, President of China, came on an official visit to Delhi. Among matters agreed upon between him and the Viceroy, one was that the two countries should establish direct diplomatic relations with each other. In March Lord Linlithgow wrote a long letter in his own hand to me urging me to agree to go to Chung King, where under Japanese pressure the Chinese had been forced to move their capital, for six months, on deputation from the Court, to inaugurate India's Diplomatic Mission there. The letter described in some detail all the factors involved. Chung King was subjected during the summer to heavy bombing by the Japanese and was exposed to great danger. I would not be able to take my wife and daughter with me. My salary as Judge was in excess of the salary and allowances of the British Ambassador in Chung King, so I would receive no allowances. I would have the rank of Ambassador with the title of Agent-General. Despite all this Lord Linlithgow expressed the hope that I would accept the proposed assignment, as he could think of no one else who would discharge its responsibilities with such ability and dignity as I could.

His letter caused me great concern. From 1935 to 1941 I had as Member of Government worked under great pressure and was now looking forward to my first vacation in seven years. We had rented a cottage at Gulmarg in Kashmir and had furnished it at considerable expense as our summer residence. Chung King's situation, its *trying* climate, its stark privations were a striking antithesis of Gulmarg. There was nothing whatever in the proposed assignment that had the least attraction for me; every aspect of it repelled me.

Lord Linlithgow's invitation was a mark of great confidence. He had been disappointed over my choice of going to the Court, here was an opportunity of assuring him that I was appreciative of his confidence. I accepted.

The greater part of my absence at Chung King was during the vacation of the Court. On my return only one small matter was ready for hearing. When that was disposed of I was asked to lead the Indian delegation to the Pacific Relations Conference which was to be held at Mont Tremblant, a skiing resort in the Laurentian Mountains, in the Province of Quebec, Canada. The journey proved an odyssey and, owing to war conditions, somewhat of an ordeal. It proceeded Karachi - Cairo (a halt of three days) - Wadi Halfa - Khartoum - Jinja (Uganda) - Stanleyville (Congo) - Leopoldville - Lagos (a halt of three days) - Accra (two days) - Natal (Brazil) - Georgetown (British Guiana) - Miami - New York (four days) - Montreal - Mont Tremblant.

After the Conference I received a request from the Secretary of State for India, Mr. Emery, to proceed to London for consultations on constitutional changes in India. The journey was to be by bomber from Montreal to Glasgow. We were held up at Montreal for eight days by a blizzard.

I arrived in London on January 5, 1943. Life in war time London was subject to restrictions but surprisingly was not uncomfortable. The conversations took longer than had been anticipated and I left London in the beginning of March. The return journey was by way of Poole - Shannon - Lisbon - Bathurst (Gambia) - Lagos (three days' halt during which I laid the foundation stone of the Ahamdiyyah Mosque) - Leopoldville - Elizabethville - Jinja - Khartoum (two days' halt) - Cairo - Karachi.

In the spring of 1945, as President of the Indian Institute of International Affairs, I led the Indian delegation to the Commonwealth Relations Conference held at Chatham House, St. James's Square, London. In the opening meeting I made a passionate appeal for Indian independence, which I developed further in my speech at the banquet the same evening. These two speeches started the last phase of the process that culminated in the partition of India and the establishment of Pakistan.

Mr. Attlee, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, announced the scheme of partition on June 3, 1947. I was suddenly confronted with the problem whether on partition I would choose to remain in India or not. I was senior judge of the Federal Court and had earned a good reputation for the independence of my views. Were I to decide to remain in India after partition, there would be every reason to assume that I would be the first Chief Justice of the

Supreme Court of India. I felt, however, not the least hesitation in deciding that I would not remain permanently in India after partition. I sent in my resignation from the Court on the same day, to take effect a week later.

His Highness Nawab Sir Hameedullah Khan, Ruler of Bhopal, was Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes. We had known each other since 1930. He asked me to go to Bhopal as his Constitutional Advisor during the difficult days ahead. I went to Bhopal.

Things began to move fast. In July Mr. M. A. Jinnah (the Quaid-i-Azam) called me to Delhi and asked me to present the Muslim League case to the 'Punjab Boundary Commission at Lahore, which I did. In the beginning of September he called me to Karachi and asked me to lead the Pakistan delegation to the Annual Session of the General Assembly of the United Nations. On my return he insisted that I should move to Pakistan. I was given the choice between Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court and the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. I chose the latter. His Highness very kindly agreed to release me, and I took the oath of my new office on December 24, 1947. For more than five years I rode on the rising crest of the wave of popular esteem. In the meantime, two stark tragedies had overtaken Pakistan. The Quaid-i-Azam died in September 1948, and Prime Minister Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan was assassinated in October 1951. Khwaja Nazimuddin, Chief Minister of East Pakistan became Governor-General of Pakistan in succession to the Quaid-i-Azam, and in October 1951 he succeeded Nawabzada Liaquat Ali Khan as Prime Minister of Pakistan. He was a kindly, pious, religious-minded man who lent ear too readily to the orthodox divines who now found opportunities of influencing policies and insinuating themselves into a position of power. The Governor-General, Malik Ghulam Muhammad was a strong-minded person fond of power, and a clash became inevitable between him and the Prime Minister in which the latter was worsted and set aside in the spring of 1953. By then I had become persona non grata to the extreme section of the orthodox divines. They made me the principal target of their hostility. The new Prime Minister, Mr. Muhammad Ali Bogra and my colleagues in the cabinet, gave me their full support and confidence, but a couple of younger members of the Parliamentary party began to intrigue against me. By the summer of 1954, I began to feel that my continuation in office as Minister of Foreign Affairs was beginning to be detrimental to the

interests of Pakistan, and I made up my mind to resign. The Prime Minister was reluctant to release me, but it was discovered that my name had been proposed by another State for election to the International Court of Justice to fill a casual vacancy which had arisen in consequence of the death in November 1953 of Sir B. N. Rau, the Indian judge on the Court. The Prime Minister agreed to let me contest the vacancy, possibly consoling himself with the reflection that as the Indian Candidate's name had been proposed for the vacancy months ahead of mine and the general trend in the United Nations was that in case of the death of a judge the resulting vacancy should be filled by the election of a national of the country of the deceased, my chance of being elected was slim. Be that as it may, I was elected and became a Member of the Court on the day of my election, October 7, 1954. My term of office was the remainder of the term of Sir B. N. Rau, which was to end on February 5, 1961.

I was elected Vice-President of the Court in the spring of 1958. Judge Helge Klaestad (Norway) was elected President. He was the very soul of integrity, but was super-sensitive. Finding me sympathetic he gave me his full confidence and insisted upon my performing some of the functions that under the Rules of the Court pertained to the President. Towards the end of our term as President and Vice-President, he fell into the habit of referring to me as his successor in the office of President. I reminded him that my term as Judge was due to expire in the first week of February, 1961, and that unless I was re-elected to the Court, there would be no question of my succeeding him as President.

He observed: There can be no doubt about that. It is unthinkable that you should not be re-elected.

But what he in the kindness of his heart had considered unthinkable was what happened in fact. When the result of the elections was received the Deputy Registrar of the Court came to my chamber in some perturbation and said: I have bad news for you. None of the Judges have been re-elected.

So far as I am concerned that is no bad news. If it is God's design that I should serve Him in some other capacity, I am well content.

I had requested Mrs. Azeezah Walters, a very pious and high-minded Muslim lady, to pray for my success in the election. I called her over the telephone and told her that I had not been re-elected. Her immediate response, without any comment, was the recitation

from the Holy Quran of the verses: Thy Lord has not forsaken thee, nor is He displeased with thee. Surely, every succeeding hour is better for thee than the preceding one. Thy Lord will keep on bestowing His favours upon thee so that thou wilt be well pleased (93.4-6).

The following day she said to me: Ever since you have told me the result of the election the thought has persisted in my mind that Allah designs to put you to some higher service.

X

FULFILMENT OF DREAM (B)

The end of my term on the International Court of Justice appeared to be the end of my public career. After twenty-one years of practice at the Bar, I had held public office continuously for twenty-six years from 1935-1961, a total of 47 years. I was 68 years of age. I was entitled to a pension from the Court, which would suffice for my modest needs. I bought a suitable apartment at Cambridge, furnished it and settled down in it. My plan was to spend eight months of the year in Cambridge, and the four winter months at Rabwah, Pakistan, where I had built a house. I had submitted the manuscript of my book, Islam: Its Meaning for Modern Man, to the Editor-in-Chief of Religious Perspectives, who had approved it for publication. This had encouraged me to hope that I might be able to make some contribution in the field of comparative Religion.

Since the spring of 1934 I had been conscious of my mother's dream. I was convinced that like all her dreams it was true and was bound to be fulfilled. I did not know its true interpretation, nor could I guess when or in what manner it would be fulfilled. That was known only to Him who had caused it to be revealed to my mother. That being so, I had not let it influence my judgement at any time. The brief summary of my public career set out in the preceding chapter would show that I had not been eager to grasp opportunities of a literal fulfilment of the dream. My choice of the Federal Court in 1941 was not influenced by my mother's dream, it was determined by my own dreams of the immediately preceding week. But for them I would have had no hesitation in complying with the Governor-General's wish.

If I had chosen to remain permanently in India on partition in 1947, I would have been the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of India. In December of that year, I was given the choice of becoming the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pakistan. I preferred the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. Mian Abdur Rashid was appointed Chief Justice. In 1952, when his term was about to

expire he made persistent efforts to persuade me to let him propose my name as his successor. I resisted all his kindly meant efforts, not because personally I was averse to becoming Chief Justice, but because I was convinced that I could serve the cause of Pakistan better as Minister of Foreign Affairs than as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

Now at 68 years of age I was no longer eligible for high judicial office in Pakistan. Had I been re-elected to the International Court, I would, in all probability, have succeeded President Klaestad as President of the Court. But I had not only not been re-elected, there was not a single instance of a judge who had left the Court being subsequently elected back to the Court. Nevertheless, I did not for a single moment doubt the truth of my mother's dream. I left its correct interpretation and due fulfilment to Allah, the All-Knowing, the Beneficent.

In the summer of 1961, Field Marshal Muhammad Ayub Khan, President of Pakistan, stopped in London on his way to the United States for an official visit. He had known me for several years and we were good friends. He sent for me to London and told me he wanted me to go to the United Nations as Pakistan's Permanent Representative. I told him that he need not have a feeling that as I was now without a job he must provide me with one. He assured me that he was anxious to improve Pakistan's representation at the United Nations and was keen on my going there.

During his return journey he sent for me again and told me that he had mentioned my proposed appointment to Dag Hammerskold, Secretary General of the United Nations, who was delighted with it, and that I should consider the matter as settled and should arrange with Manzoor Qadir, the Foreign Minister, about visiting Pakistan for the purpose of being briefed.

I arrived in New York on the 12th of August. The Sixteenth Session of the General Assembly of the United Nations was to convene a month later. Mr. Agha Shahi, my Deputy, told me that Mr. Mongi Sleem of Tunisia and Mr. Ali Sastroamidjoyo of Indonesia had been candidates for the Presidency of the Session and that through the good offices of U. Thaunt, then Permanent Representative of Burma, it had been agreed that Mongi Sleem should be elected President of the Sixteenth Session and Ali Sastroamidjoyo should be elected President of the Seventeenth Session.

The Sixteenth Session, like its predecessors, wound its leisurely way along and spilled over Christmas into January 1962.

In April 1962, the Government of Indonesia intimated that Ali Sastroamidjoyo would not be available for the Seventeenth Session. Speculation started concerning the Presidency of that Session. Ambassador Abdul Mun'im Rifa'i, Permanent Representative of Jordan, approached me and suggested that I should let my name be put forward for the Presidency of the next Session.

My response was: Afro-Asian States now constitute a majority in the United Nations. It is being said that they would now attempt to steam-roller the General Assembly. I consider that it would be wise to avoid action that might lend colour to that assumption. In my opinion an Asian President following immediately after an African President would be such action and should be avoided.

Then what would you advise?

I would suggest that we should seek an understanding with the Latins that they can have the Presidency this year provided that they agree that the Presidency should rotate on a fifty-fifty basis between the Afro-Asians on one side and the Westerns and Latins on the other.

I shall consult with the Representatives of the Arab States and shall let you know.

The understanding was reached with the Latins, and it was agreed that Ambassador Amadeo, Permanent Representative of Argentina, should be elected President of the Seventeenth Session. No sooner was this agreed upon, than there was a revolution in Argentina. Ambassador Amadeo turned down the request of the new regime to continue at the United Nations and resigned. Before the Latins could agree upon another candidate, Professor Malalasekra, Permanent Representative of Ceylon, announced his candidature for the Presidency, and it began to be said that if the Asians wanted the Presidency they could have it. At this juncture Abdul Mun'im Rifa'i insisted that I should let my name go forward as a candidate for the Presidency.

Professor Malalasekra had been his country's Ambassador in Moscow and claimed that he had between twenty-five and thirty votes (presumably communist and Bhuddhist States) in his pocket, and that if another candidate even ran neck to neck with him, he would win with a majority of at least twenty-five.

Before the opening of the Session it had become clear that I

would be elected President. I read the Rules of the Assembly, but was very apprehensive how I would acquit myself in the Chair. Half a dozen or more points of order, calling for interpretation of the Rules, were raised in every sitting of the Assembly and the President had to rule on them in his stride, as it were. Immediately before the opening of the Assembly I withdrew for the noon Prayer and in the course of it supplicated humbly and earnestly for support and guidance.

The outgoing President called the sitting to order. In the ballot for the Presidency Professor Malalasekra had twenty-seven votes and I had seventy-two. I was led to the rostrum and began the proceedings with the recitation of verses 26 to 29 of Chapter 20 of the Holy Quran. A Christian journal drew attention to this and remarked that Christian Presidents had never ventured to pronounce the name of God from the rostrum lest the communist representatives should take offence. Here was a Muslim President who began the proceedings with a recitation from the Holy Quran and no one offered a protest.

By the sheer grace of Allah the Session proceeded very smoothly. There was throughout an atmosphere of friendly co-operation. For the first time the meetings were called to order absolutely punctually. The agenda was settled in consultation with the delegates and suitable adjustments were made. The President made himself available readily and easily. The elections to the Security Council and other bodies which had sometimes consumed hours upon hours were all carried through in less than two hours. All items on the agenda were duly deliberated upon and disposed of, and the Session was concluded twenty-four hours before the target date, which had seldom been kept before. To me the most gratifying aspect was that throughout the Session not one single point of order was raised, praise be to Allah!

My diplomatic career, August 1961 - February 1964, at age 68½ to 71, was a complete contrast to the calm, quiet, sedate life I had contemplated living at Cambridge; yet there was no bustle, and serenity was maintained throughout. In 1962 I was simultaneously accredited to Argentina as Pakistan's Ambassador and in that capacity paid two visits to Buenos Aires. I recommended that an embassy should be established at Buenos Aires. This was agreed to and Mr. Khurram Khan Panni (East Pakistan) was appointed Ambassador to Argentina as my successor.

In the spring of 1962 I represented Pakistan at the Independence celebrations of Trinidad and Tobago. My week's stay in Port of Spain was a most enjoyable and delightful experience. I admired the smooth and dignified way in which everything was carried through.

Algeria, having won its independence, was admitted to the membership of the United Nations in 1962, during my Presidency of the General Assembly. That was an event that gratified me deeply. The Algerian delegation was headed by President Ahmad Ben Bella and included the Foreign Minister Mohammad el Khamisti. The Pakistan delegation to the Session was headed by Mr. Mohammad Ali Bogra, Foreign Minister of Pakistan. President Ben Bella urged him strongly that I should be directed to visit Algeria soon after the termination of the Session.

President Muhammad Ayub Khan of Pakistan and President John Fitzgerald Kennedy of the United States addressed the General Assembly during the Session.

Immediately on the termination of the Session I was summoned to Islamabad and was directed to arrange a programme of visits to a number of countries of East and North Africa. In compliance with the direction, beginning with Aden I visited Somalia, Kenya, Tanganyika, Uganda, Sudan, Egypt, Libya, Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco in January 1963. I was most graciously received and hospitably entertained everywhere. I addressed the Parliament of Somalia and was decorated with the highest Somalian order, by the President of Somalia. Among the distinguished personalities I had the honour of meeting were Mr. Jomo Kenyatta of Kenya; Mr. Malcolm Macdonald, Governor of Kenya, a friend of long standing; Mr. Julius Nyerere, President of Tanganyika, whose guest I was at the State House, Dar-es-Salaam; Shaikh Amri Abedi, a most outstanding young man of great promise; Dr. Milton Obote, Prime Minister of Uganda; Sir Frederick Mutessa, King of Buganda, Mr. Sadiq el Mahdi, grandson of the Sudanese Mahdi; my revered friend Col. Gamal Abd-en-Nasir, President of Egypt; His Majesty King Idris of Libya; President Habib Bourgiba of Tunisia; President Ahmad Ben Bella, Foreign Minister Mohammad el Khamisti, and Mr. Farhat Abbas, President of the Parliament of Algeria, His Majesty King Hasan II of Morocco, who graciously decorated me with the highest Moroccan order, and Ahmad Balafrej, Prime Minister of Morocco. I had been awarded the highest Syrian order

by President Shukri Qawattali of Syria in 1947, and the highest Hashemite order by His Majesty King Husain of Jordan in 1954.

Shaikh Amri Abedi was a zealous Ahmadi who had studied Islam at Rabwah and had dedicated himself to the service of the faith. He was elected the first Tanganyikan Mayor of Dar-es-Salaam, became a Member of Parliament and was Commissioner of the Western Region at the time of my visit. Shortly after he was appointed Minister of Justice, he led the Tanganyikan delegation to the Eighteenth Session of the General Assembly of the United Nations. Some time later he died of food poisoning. Julius Nyerere, Jomo Kenyatta and Milton Obote were among his pall-bearers.

In Kampala I performed the opening ceremony of the beautiful Ahmadiyyah Mosque.

In June 1963 I visited the U.S.S.R. at the invitation of its Foreign Minister, Mr. Gromyko. On my way I visited Copenhagen and Helsinki. In the U.S.S.R. I visited Leningrad, Moscow, Tashkent and Samarkand. During the return journey I visited Warsaw, Prague and Zurich, where I performed the opening ceremony of the Ahmadiyyah mosque. In Tashkent and Samarkand I was much struck with the cultural unity between Pakistan and Uzbekestan. I presume the same applies to the bulk of the Southern soviets.

So much goodwill had, by divine grace, been generated towards me during the Seventeenth Session of the General Assembly that in the middle of 1963 I began to consider whether there would be a reasonable chance of my election to the Internaitonal Court of Justice in the triennial elections that were due to be held in the autumn of 1963. It so happened that of the five judges of the Court who were due to complete their terms of office on the Court in February 1946, three were Latin Americans. When the first elections to the Court were held in 1946 there were fifty members of the United Nations, of whom twenty were Latin Americans. Of the fifteen judges elected, five were nationals of States who were permanent members of the Security Council. Of the remaining ten, four were Latin Americans, which was in exact accord with their proportion in the membership of the United Nations. By 1963 the membership of the United Nations had risen to above one hundred and the number of Latin Americans still stood at twenty. There was a strong feeling that of the three Latin vacancies one should be filled by an Asian, one by an African and one by a Latin. Mr. Fouad Ammoun, Foreign Minister of Lebanon was one of the Asian

candidates. I felt that it was worth trying to capture one of the Latin vacancies and my name was proposed as a candidate.

Mr. Agha Shahi told me that a senior Lebanese diplomat passing through Karachi had met him and had suggested that to spare me embarrassment my name should be withdrawn as they had written promises of support from a majority of the members of the Security Council as well as a majority of the members of the General Assembly and that it was most unlikely that two Asians should be elected. Mr. Agha Shahi observed that the possibility of two Asians being elected could not be excluded.

For a candidate to be elected, a majority both of the members of the Security Council and the members of the General Assembly was required. At the time the membership of the Security Council was limited to eleven, so that six formed a majority. In the first ballot for the election sure enough Mr. Ammoun obtained a majority in both Chambers, and so did I, with this difference that in the Security Council he had seven votes and I had six. Thus both of us should have been elected, but a procedural difficulty was revealed. In the Security Council not five but six candidates had obtained a majority, which necessitated that the ballot in the Security Council should be repeated. In the second ballot also six candidates obtained a majority, but my votes rose to seven and Mr. Ammoun's votes fell to six. In the third ballot five candidates obtained a majority, but of them only four had secured a majority in the Assembly. These four were declared elected. I was one of them. Mr. Ammoun had a majority in the Assembly but had secured only five votes in the Security Council. The African candidate had a majority in the Security Council, but had failed to obtain a majority in the Assembly. Thus four vacancies were filled and the fifth had to be balloted for. In the ballot for the fifth vacancy the African candidate secured a majority in both Chambers and was declared elected. Dr. V. A. Hamdani, my deputy, was very excited and wanted to know how had it come about that Mr. Ammoun who had greater support in both Chambers than I, had failed to be elected and I was elected. I told him I would explain the procedure to him when we should get back to our office, but that behind it all was Allah's grace, praise be to Him.

I joined the court for my full term of nine years on February 6, 1964, my seventy-first birthday. I had lost my original seniority on the Court, and was now junior to eleven of my colleagues, senior

only to three who were elected along with me but were younger than me.

I was invited by the Governor of the Central Bank of New Zealand to address a seminar of Bankers on a non-technical topic in November, 1965. I had some engagements in the United States in October and travelled from San Francisco to Auckland in early November, breaking journey for a week in the Fiji Islands, where there is an active, well-organised and go-ahead Ahmadiyyah Community. These islands are one of the veritable ends of the earth. The International Date Line runs through them. One of the early revelations vouchsafed to the Holy Founder of the Ahmadiyyah Movement was: I shall carry thy message to the ends of the earth. There is every indication that, by Allah's grace, the Ahmadiyyah Movement is assured of a bright future in the Fiji Islands.

Every moment of my stay in New Zealand proved most enjoyable and full of delight. From New Zealand I flew to Sydney and spent three very interesting days in Canberra.

I had performed the Umra and also visited Medinah in 1958. In the spring of 1967, I had the great good fortune of being able to perform the Pilgrimage to the House of Allah and of visiting Medinah once more as guest of His Majesty King Faisal. Anwar Ahmad and his wife, Ameenah Begum, accompanied me and ministered to my comfort throughout. May Allah reward them richly for all their care of me through the years.

Later in the same year, I was invited to visit South Africa. In the Cape Town, another veritable end of the earth, I met the members of the small Ahmadiyyah Community. I visited the Executive, Legislative and Judicial Capitals of the Union and its big towns. I called on Dr. Vorster, the Prime Minister and later President of the Union. I saw much and talked to many people. I sat with the Supreme Court and listened to arguments in an appeal.

South Africa is confronted with a complicated, poignant human problem, for which there is no easy solution. Some progress is being made, but it is slow, fumbling, halting and half-hearted. Since the Central Government has taken over housing and education there has been improvement in respect of both, but it must be realised that the better the non-white is housed and the greater the facilities for education that are provided for him, the keener will be his consciousness of the discrimination to which he is subjected and the fiercer will be his reaction to it. In other words, the fitter he becomes

for the discharge of his civic obligations, the more galling to his spirit are the privations that are imposed upon him. Therefore, the white must prepare himself for advancing rapidly towards the goal of non-discrimination. The malady is one of the spirit, the remedy must seek to heal the spirit. The irony is that the Boer, who in his own way is deeply religious, is not prepared to acknowledge in practice that the non-white is as much a creature of God as the Boer is, and that God desires the physical, material, moral and spiritual welfare of the non-white to the same degree as of the Boer.

The Judges elected in the triennial election of 1969 having joined the Court in February 1970, the question of the Presidency of the Court began to be canvassed. Sir Gerald Fitzmaurice's name and mine were mentioned. It was felt that the contest was likely to be a close one. Then a third judge's name came up. In a three-cornered contest everything became uncertain, except that the process of election would be prolonged, and so it proved. Ballot after ballot continued inconclusive. Late on the second day of balloting a shift took place and I was elected and became the first Asian President of the Court. Thus was my mother's dream of more than a third of a century earlier fulfilled, not as the result of any human planning or in accordance with human expectation, but obviously by divine design.

Consider the bird's eye view of my career and activities from 1934 to 1970 set out in the preceding pages. In the spring of 1934 Sir Shadi Lal was ready to recommend my appointment to the High Court Bench. I was then forty-one years of age. I could have reasonably expected to become Chief Justice of the High Court before my retirement at the age of sixty. This applied even more to Sir Douglas Young's offer made a few week's later to recommend me for appointment to the first permanent vacancy on the High Court Bench, which would have put me ahead of five additional judges.

In 1941, when I chose to go to the Federal Court my friends thought I had acted unwisely. Left to myself I would have continued in the Government, but divine guidance clearly pointed to the Federal Court. Had I chosen to remain permanently in India on partition in 1947, I would certainly have been the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of India; but I was determined not to settle in India.

In December 1947, I was offered the Chief Justiceship of the

Supreme Court of Pakistan, but I preferred the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. In 1952, Mian Abdur Rashid, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pakistan, urged me very strongly to agree to succeed him on the Court, but I declined his kind offer.

If I had been re-elected a member of the International Court of Justice in 1961, I would certainly have succeeded President Klaestad in the Presidency of the Court. But I was not re-elected, and that seemed the end of my public career. In the eyes of the wordly no possibility had been left of the fulfilment of my mother's dream. But I was convinced that her dream was true. It contained a divine promise which was bound to be fulfilled, when or in what manner I knew not. As is said in the Holy Quran: Hearken, Allah's promise is true, but most of them know not (10.56). God had closed one door; He could open another. My being sent to the United Nations as Pakistan's Ambassador at 68 years of age was the opening of that door. But watch again the wondrous working of the divine will and purpose. Mr. Mongi Sleem of Tunisia was to be the President of the Sixteenth Session (1961) of the General Assembly. The Presidency of the Seventeenth Session (1962) had been promised to Mr. Ali Sastroamidjoyo of Indonesia. In that event the rotation of the Presidency would have been Latin America (1963), Africa (1964), West (1965) and Asia (1966). By then I would have been over 73, and would almost certainly have left the United Nations. But Mr. Ali Sastroamidjoyo was not available in 1962. Even so at my suggestion it was agreed that the Latins should have the Presidency in 1962 and an Asian could be President in 1963. Ambassador Amadeo (Argentina) was the choice of the Latins but in consequence of a revolution in his home country he resigned from his office in the United Nations and I was pushed into the Presidency of the General Assembly in 1962.

By Allah's grace, the Presidency was so well run that it earned me a large measure of good-will, so that somewhat late in 1963 I decided to run for a seat on the International Court in the triennial elections. Mr. Fouad Ammoun, Foreign Minister of Lebanon, who was also a candidate, had already secured the support of a majority of the members of the Security Council and of the General Assembly which made his election certain and mine unlikely. Yet I was elected and he was not. This opened the way to my election as President of the Court in 1970 at seventy-seven years of age. Thus was my mother's dream of thirty-six years earlier completely fulfilled, praise

be to Allah. Not only did I become President of the highest court of the world, but thereby I became the only person so far who had combined in himself the Presidency both of the General Assembly of the United Nations and of the International Court of Justice. That distinction I still hold.

The extraordinary manner of the fulfilment of my mother's dream is positive proof of the Existence of God, of the possibility of establishing a relationship with Him and of the verity that He speaks today as He spoke of yore. It is also proof that her other dreams whereby she was guided to the acceptance of Ahmadiyyat were also true.

How well Allah's grace enabled me to discharge my responsibilities as President of the Court is not directly relevant to the fulfilment of my mother's dream, though it was necessarily implied in it. The implication would be appreciated by persons gifted with discernment of things divine.

The narration of the process of the fulfilment of this particular dream of my mother has compelled me to anticipate events that occurred long after her death. I shall now continue the story of her life from 1934 onwards.

XI

DEVOTION AND SYMPATHY

As time passed my mother's jealousy for the faith and her love for, and devotion to members of the Promised Messiah's family went on multiplying. She often said that all her supplications were preceded by prayers for every member of the family of the Promised Messiah. She was particularly devoted to Hazrat Khalifatul Masih II, and her love for him knew no bounds. The moment she learnt of any direction of his she immediately started acting upon it. He too treated her with great affection. On occasion, out of her great affection for him, she talked to him as intimately as a mother talks to her child, and he kept listening to her to reassure her.

In one of her dreams she saw the Promised Messiah talking to my father. Then he pointed to her from a distance and said to my father: Call her. He said to someone: Zafrulla Khan's mother is standing over there. Please go and tell her that Hazrat Sahib desires her to come over. On being apprised of it she came and standing at his rear submitted: Sir, I am here; upon which he charged her: Tell Mahmood to be mindful about the affairs of the mosque. She directed me to relate the dream to Hazrat Khalifatul Masih who, on hearing it, observed: This has reference to the trials with which the Community may be confronted.

Some time after the death of my father she had requested Hazrat Khalifatul Masih that if it was permissible, a site close to the grave of my father might be reserved for her grave. He said that normally such advance reservation was not approved of, but it could be done in exceptional circumstances. He directed that the site immediately to the right of my father's grave might be reserved for my mother. It so happened, however, that soon after, Hazrat Khalifatul Masih's aunt, widow of Mirza Ghulam Qadir, elder brother of the Promised Messiah, died and by an oversight was buried in the site reserved for my mother. Some time later another revered member of the Movement, Abdus Sattar Khan Afghan, a disciple of Hazrat Sahibzada Abdul Latif Khan, the martyr of Kabul, died and was

buried immediately to the left of my father. On my mother's mentioning of the situation to Hazrat Khalifatul Masih, he told her that there had been an oversight on the part of the cemetery staff, but that he had now given strict directions that another site close to the grave of Chaudhri Sahib should be reserved for her and that the reservation should be entered in the cemetery books. He added: This site is at the foot of his grave. She rejoined: Sir, I am fit only to lie at his feet.

In May 1935, we left for Simla, the summer capital of the Government of India, for me to take charge of my office of Member of the Executive Council of the Governor-General. At the same time Syed Inamullah, a very dear friend of twenty-five years' standing to whom my mother was also deeply attached, left for Hyderabad (South India) on some business errand of his. A fortnight later we received a telegram that he was seriously ill. We despatched a servant immediately to Hyderabad to help in looking after him, and occupied ourselves with prayers for his recovery. My mother told me that a few days earlier she had seen in a dream that she was sitting on a sofa with Syed Inamullah and Chaudhri Bashir Ahmad in an open courtyard when our cousin Chaudhri Jalaluddin suddenly emerged through a window. She recalled that he had died and became apprehensive at his sudden appearance. She signalled to Chaudhri Bashir Ahmad that they should withdraw and the two of them moved from the courtyard and went into a room through the window of which she could watch the courtyard. She saw that Chaudhri Jalaluddin sat down on the sofa next to Syed Inamullah and the two of them having covered themselves with the same coverlet stretched themselves on the sofa. When I heard her account of the dream, I said: The interpretation of your dream is clear. Had you mentioned the dream to me when you had seen it I would have sent a telegram to Syed Inamullah to come away from Hyderabad immediately. As it is the only course open to us is to continue our supplications on his behalf.

The following day I went down to Delhi for a day. While I was in Delhi I received a redirected telegram that Inamullah had died. When I arrived back in Simla mother enquired: Have you had any news of Inamullah?

I said: The last news has arrived.

She was deeply moved, supplicated for his forgiveness and asked: When did he die?

I told her: As I received the telegram yesterday in Delhi, I presume he had died the previous night.

Yes. It must have been about 3.00 a.m. I had finished my tahajjud prayers and as it was not yet time for Fajr, I lay down in my bed and continued my supplications for his recovery. Suddenly I heard: His current has been cut off. I went to your wife's room and told her that Inamullah had died.

When the servant we had sent to Hyderabad returned we learnt from him that Inamullah had died about 3.00 a.m.

In 1932, when I had officiated as Member of the Governor General's Executive Council during Sir Fazal-i-Husain's absence on leave, Lord Willingdon was Governor-General. Lady Willingdon had occasion to meet mother in women's parties at Viceregal Lodge and had conceived deep affection for her. She always spoke of her simply as Mother. In 1935 their friendship was revived. On one occasion when Lord and Lady Willingdon happened to be at my official residence in Simla, Lady Willingdon intimated to me that the Viceroy wished to pay his respects to Mother, would she agree to meet him. She was seventy-two and was permitted some relaxation in respect of the observance of the regulations relating to purdah and had, therefore, no objection. After greeting her, the Viceroy asked her which was in her opinion easier, running a household or running an empire? Without the least hesitation she affirmed gently: That which Allah makes easier!

Sir Herbert Emerson, Governor of the Punjab, was an able administrator, but had for some time been out of sympathy with the Movement. Perceiving this, the Ahrar, an irresponsible political organisation, masquerading as a religious body, began to indulge in hostile demonstrations against the Movement and its members imagining that they could do so with impunity. In the summer of 1935 an Ahrari scalawag assaulted Sahibzada Mirza Sharif Ahmad, younger brother of the Head of the Ahrnadiyyah Movement, with a stick. News of this painful incident distressed mother grievously. She was much concerned about its impact on Hazrat Ummul Momineen, and pined over it. One day she said to me: I keep worrying over this grievous affair and cannot think of anything that I can do about it. Now an idea has occurred to me. I have prayed earnestly about it and I feel sure God will enable me to carry it out.

I asked her: What are you thinking of?

You know Lady Willingdon professes deep affection for me, and

I feel that she has regard for me. If you would arrange for me to meet Lady Willingdon when the Viceroy could also be present, I could tell them how the Provincial government is treating the Movement. Now the situation has deteriorated so much that an irresponsible youth has assaulted a son of the Promised Messiah. I am an old woman and am permitted a certain degree of freedom in the social sphere. I feel a strong urge to put my grievance to the Viceroy.

I am sure a meeting could be arranged as desired by you. I would, of course accompany you and act as interpreter. I have already mentioned this incident to the Viceroy. Now I shall convey to him whatever you may have to say. But you will have to say it yourself. I shall not add anything from myself.

You have only to arrange the meeting. I am sure God will bestow upon me the understanding needed for the occasion.

In the meeting Lady Willingdon was seated on a sofa. She invited mother to be seated on her left and putting her left arm round her waist drew her close to herself. The Viceroy occupied an arm-chair on Lady Willingdon's right, and I was seated in an arm-chair on my mother's left. After the exchange of courtesies the Viceroy, addressing mother, said: I have understood from Zafrulla that you wish to speak to me about your community.

Yes, indeed. I have ventured to approach you after great deliberation. I am a member of the Ahmadiyyah Movement. The Promised Messiah, the Founder of the Movement, had instructed us that we should be loyal to the British government and should pray for it, as we enjoy full religious freedom under it and can carry out our religious obligations without any apprehension. I cannot speak of the community, but I can affirm on my own behalf with complete confidence (and at this point she put her right-hand over her heart) that I have throughout carried out the instructions of the Promised Messiah to the full and have prayed constantly for the welfare of the British government. However, over the last two years the attitude of the Punjab government towards our community has been so unsympathetic and so unfair, and the Head of the Movement and the members of the community are being put to so much trouble that though I still continue my prayers for the Government in compliance with the instructions of the Promised Messiah, my prayers do not rise spontaneously from my heart as my heart is troubled. Only a few days back a worthless person assaulted the

younger brother of the Head of the Movement and caused him hurt. The offspring of the Promised Messiah are dearer by far to us than our very lives. Ever since I have heard of this incident I can neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep.

Her last few words were charged with so much emotion that Lady Willingdon, who had been patting mother's hand while she was speaking, could no longer restrain herself and almost shouted at the Viceroy: What is this, and what are you going to do about it?

He tried to soothe her gently with: My dear, I have discussed the matter with Zafrulla: and then addressing mother in the same gentle tone explained: These matters are primarily the concern of the Governor and I cannot order him about them. If I did that he would resent it. Had the Governor-General given me orders about such matters when I was Governor of Bombay and later of Madras I would also have resented it.

She countered: I do not suggest that you should order the Governor or rebuke him, but surely you have to supervise him, and you can advise him gently and courteously that he should pay attention to our grievances and should seek to remove them.

Certainly, I shall do that.

But Lady Willingdon's indignation was not mollified merely by that much. She had been trying to comfort mother with kind and affectionate gestures and words, and now directed me: Tell mother, in these very words, tell her *I* shall give the Governor of the Punjab what for, *I* shall give him what for!

One day in January 1936 perceiving that she seemed melancholy I asked mother whether she was worried by anything. She told me that the previous night she had in her dream heard someone say: Asadullah Khan has been assassinated and he left directions that his eldest brother should look after his children. I tried to comfort her by assuring her that dreams were subject to interpretation, and a calamity could be averted by almsgiving and through prayers. She said she had given alms and would continue her supplications for divine mercy.

Two or three days later Asadullah Khan came to Delhi to visit us. He arrived in time to join us at breakfast. In the middle of breakfast the servant who had been unpacking his things came in with a puzzled look on his face and a fearful sharp dagger in his hand. He told Asadullah Khan he had found the dagger in his

bed-roll. The latter appeared embarrassed as if he would have preferred the weapon to have remained undiscovered and not to have come to mother's notice and cause her uneasiness. But curiosity having been aroused he volunteered an explanation. This is what he said: Last night when I occupied my seat in the railway compartment I made my bed so that my head would be next to the door of the compartment and my feet would be at the far end of the sleeping berth. I lay down in that position and the train started. After about an hour or so I woke up with a feeling that I should reverse the position. So I moved my pillow to the far end of the berth and the night being cold I wrapped myself up securely in my bed coverings and soon fell asleep in my changed position with my feet next to the door. About midnight I began to feel cold and perceiving that the bed coverings had slipped I tugged at them but could not pull them up as they appeared to be firmly held in place by some obstruction wedged down between my knees. I put on the light and observed the handle of a weapon sticking out of the heavy bed coverings. On investigation I found that a sharp pointed dagger had penetrated through the heavy bed-coverings and was firmly fixed in the leather mattress of the sleeping berth.

The nature of the weapon indicated that the assailant's plan had been well thought out. He had watched his intended victim enter his compartment at the Lahore railway station and had noted no doubt with a chuckle how easy his task had been made by the arrangement adopted by him for sleeping. All he had to do was to open the door quietly at an intermediate stop and to plunge the dagger into the chest of the victim with the full strength of his arm. This he did and he must have imagined that his design had been accomplished as he had not perceived the slightest movement nor heard a groan. He did not know that divine mercy had caused his victim to change his position some time before his attack and thus frustrated his design. The dagger was plunged not into the chest of the victim but into the empty space between his legs while he slept peacefully on. There can be no doubt that his mother's alms and supplications had succeeded in winning divine mercy for him.

In the spring of 1936 Lord Linlithgow succeeded Lord Willingdon as Viceroy and Governor-General of India. The mischief of the Ahrar against the members of the Ahmadiyyah Movement was continuing unchecked. The attitude of Sir Herbert Emerson, Governor of the Punjab, towards the Movement was unsympathetic. In

the late summer of 1936 the Ahrar held a conference at Daska, the ancestral home of our family. My younger brother Shukrullah Khan was in residence at Daska. His house was close to our mosque. On the day of the conference a party of Ahrar appeared in the evening outside our mosque, bent on mischief. When the small congregation at the Prayer Service emerged from the mosque the Ahrar gangsters set upon them with sticks and beat them up. My brother received injuries from which he bled on the steps of the mosque. Perceiving that the assailants contemplated graver mischief he ran into the house through a wicket which he closed behind him. The gang moved to the main door of the house which had been fashioned out of stout wood and was studded with nails. Finding it unyielding to their assaults they tried to force a passage into the house through the side wicket. A couple of young retainers had been posted inside the wicket who warned the gangsters that the moment any of them succeeded in pushing his head through the wicket his head would be bashed in. From the mood and shouts of the gangsters it was patent that once they succeeded in forcing an entry into the house the lives and honour of the inmates, men, women and children would be put in grave peril. Thus a state of siege ensued.

My brother wrote out a brief report of the situation and charged a fleet-footed youngster to deliver it at the police station. The boy ascended to the roof of the house and jumping across to the roofs of adjacent houses arrived in a back street and made his way unobserved to the police station and delivered the report to the officer on duty who after glancing at it observed cynically: Let these wretched Mirzais suffer. It serves them right.

After midnight the besiegers getting bored dispersed. Mother was at the time with me at Simla, and was naturally much perturbed when she learnt of the affair. I was anxious about the unsympathetic and unhelpful attitude of the police. The District Superintendent of Police was a bigoted Muslim and nothing good was to be expected of him. In this situation I wrote a letter to Sir Donald Boyd, Home Member of the Punjab government, setting out the facts briefly, and suggested that in the interests of justice and fairplay the District Superintendent of Police might be transferred to some other district. Sir Donald, as in duty bound, submitted my letter to Sir Herbert Emerson, who took grave umbrage at it and took it to the Viceroy and complained that the letter exhibited lack of confidence in his police and amounted to defamation of it. He proposed that he would

institute a public enquiry into the allegations made in the letter so that the whole matter might be cleared up.

When I went for my weekly interview with the Viceroy he asked me whether I had written a letter to Sir Donald Boyd. I told him I had, and explained the background to him. Then he told me what the Governor had proposed and said: I, as Governor-General, have forbidden him the holding of any public enquiry.

I am sorry to hear it. We would welcome a public enquiry into all the misunderstandings that have arisen between the Movement' and the government. It would clear the air. If we succeed in setting at rest the apprehensions that the Governor entertains concerning the Movement he will change his attitude towards us. On the other hand, if we are convinced that our grievances against the government are misconceived our minds will be set at rest. I would not let this embarrass you in the least. I would resign immediately and would be glad to represent the Movement in the enquiry.

I appreciate your attitude and realise the difficulty of your position. I have full confidence in you and have told the Governor that on the facts I would accept your word against everything else. So be in no hurry to resign. Carryon till you find your position here irreconcilable with your conscience. You have my sympathy. My family had to endure persecution over a long period. As regards the unfortunate incident in which your brother was involved, there will be a judicial determination of the whole matter. Let us wait for that.

I am grateful for your sympathy and understanding. Situated as we are our only resource is prayer. We shall have recourse to it.

As the result of its so-called investigation the police put up an utterly false and unfounded case against all male adult Ahmadis of Daska, eleven in number, charging them with rioting and causing hurt to participants in the Ahrar conference. My mother was greatly shocked and deeply distressed. Everyone of the falsely charged accused had joined the Movement at her urging, and she felt she owed a special responsibility in respect of each of them. Her supplications on their behalf took on a particular poignancy. The case was tried by a non-Muslim Magistrate, who on a perusal of the police file suspected strongly that there was something gravely wrong somewhere. His curiosity and interest were roused, and when the evidence was presented he scrutinised everything minutely. As the case proceeded everything began to fall into place like a Chinese

puzzle. In the end he found that the prosecution case was an inextricable bundle of falsehoods. The First Information Report had been drawn up *after* the statements of the proposed prosecutions witnesses had been taken down, so that everything seemed to fit in perfectly. Not one 'of the accused had approached within a mile of the place where the conference was held. In his order discharging the accused he passed severe strictures against the police. Sir Herbert Emerson was outraged by the result of the case. He appointed a Deputy Inspector General of Police to make an enquiry how far the findings of the Magistrate were justified. Thus, in a sense, the Magistrate was put on his defence. In his statement he exposed the misconduct of the police even more glaringly, so that the Deputy Inspector General reported that the findings of the Magistrate were more than fully justified.

My mother was delighted with the result of the case. Her heart was once again filled with profound gratitude to God for His great mercy. The Viceroy on being informed, through his Private Secretary, of the upshot observed that I had been completely vindicated.

I had been married in the spring of 1926. Years passed and we were not blessed with offspring. My doctor, who had occasion to examine my wife from time to time for some passing ailment, began to say that she was not capable of bearing children. At one time he urged me to marry again. I put him off with: One must not despair of the mercy of God. Some time later he brought up the subject again, described the symptoms on which he based his opinion and added: I stake my professional reputation that it is not possible for your wife to bear a child.

In May 1936, my mother saw in a dream that a servant brought her a tray containing five mangoes, five rupees and a gold button worn by women in the nose, and said these were a present from my father. She exclaimed: This is the fruit that he had said he would bring in a tray when it was ripe. Next morning she enquired from my wife whether there was any sign of her bearing a child. She said she had not perceived any. My mother remarked: You may say no, but God has informed me definitely that a child is expected, and I am sure that, of His grace, He will bring it about.

In fact my wife had missed a period and her lady doctor had told her that she was with child, but she wanted to be quite sure before revealing the joyous development even to my mother. She was examined by the lady obstetrician regularly who assured her that

she was pregnant and gave her the necessary directions. It was not till her fourth visit that my wife said to her: Now you may go and tell my husband. My mother and I were delighted with the good news.

When my doctor came up to Simla the next time he mentioned to me that a very dear friend of mine in Delhi was running a temperature every afternoon, and admonished me: You must insist that he should take leave and come up to Simla and stay out of the heat with you till he gets rid of the temperature. I have warned him that if he does not take proper care of himself at this stage he will run into tuberculosis, but he does not seem to mind me.

Perhaps you are being unnecessarily apprehensive.

I am not merely apprehensive. I am quite certain. I am prepared to stake my professional reputation on it.

I know you are a specialist in this particular field, but you are too fond of staking your professional reputation in season and out of season. Forgive my saying that I do not value your professional reputation above twopence.

What reason have you for saying that?

You have staked your professional reputation that my wife is not capable of bearing a child.

Yes, I have, and I do so again emphatically. Her womb is completely dried up and is utterly incapable of functioning. It is an impossibility.

Come upstairs and examine her.

The examination did not take more than two minutes. He came out of her room pale and trembling. He shook his head and ejaculated: This ia a miracle. I cannot explain it.

The pregnancy took its normal course. We moved from Simla to Delhi in the first week of October. On the morning of January 12, a blessed day which was the birthday of the Promised Son of the Promised Messiah, Hazrat Sahibzada Mirza Bashiruddin Mahmood Ahmad, Khalifatul Masih II, my mother told my wife that her child, a girl, would be born that day. She had seen in a dream a joyous gathering of a large number of people in which it was being said: The child has arrived; she is very beautiful.

So it proved. Hazrat Khalifatul Masih II named her Amatul Hayy. She has, by Allah's grace, five children, four boys and one girl. Her own advent was a most joyful event which delighted

mother particularly, as she had ardently desired issue for me and had prayed long and earnestly for this divine bounty.

XII

MISCELLANEOUS

Mother's spiritual experiences were of varied types which indicated that she was a woman of high spirituality. Yet she laid no claim to spiritual eminence. Indeed she was most humble and 'walked upon the earth in humility' (25.64). She had firm faith in God and always relied upon His mercy and beneficence. She had deep sympathy for all God's creatures and she did not discriminate between them. With all her great qualities she was also blessed with the saving grace of humour. She loved me deeply but did not hesitate to admonish me when she felt admonition was called for. The following incidents are illustrative of some of her qualities and of her relationship with God.

My brother Asadullah Khan was in Primary school and was careless of his slates. He lost them or broke them in quick succession. On one such occasion mother admonished him somewhat severely whereby he was abashed. That night she saw a very revered personage in her dream whose countenance seemed to radiate light. He said to her: You were unnecessarily harsh towards a servant of mine over a matter of a mere one quarter of a rupee. Here is a quarter of a rupee; and he gave her a newly coined shining quarter of a rupee.

In the latter part of the night, in preparation for Prayer, she took a metal ewer full of water and emerged into the open under the clear moonlit sky. Presently she noticed a small shining object descending, from the sky. It struck the ewer evoking a metallic sound and rolled on to the ground. She picked it up and saw that it was a silver quarter of a rupee. She put it away carefully, intending to preserve it as a momento. But through some carelessness it disappeared after a time.

In 1910 she saw in a dream that she was driving in a carriage with her niece in the Sialkot Cantonment. Passing near the Cathedral she noticed that a large stone had fallen out from the tower of the Cathedral leaving a gap. She drew the attention of her niece to

the gap and remarked that it looked unsightly. The niece pointed out that close by some stone masons were occupied with preparing a stone like the one that had fallen out of the tower and that the gap would soon be closed. Some days later it was announced that King Edward VII of Great Britain had died and his son had succeeded him as George V.

Mother was much averse to silly ceremonial and useless customs current among rural families of the Punjab particularly on the occasion of weddings. For instance, for the purpose of introducing the bride and bridegroom to each other they were seated opposite each other among a large crowd of women and competed with each other in certain insipid, pointless games. On the occasion of his wedding Chaudhri Bashir Ahmad was summoned among the women to play the games. He deemed the whole performance stupid but not wishing to make a fuss sat down where he was directed and stretched out his hand towards the articles with which the game was to be played. Suddenly his hand was firmly grasped at the wrist and pushed back by my mother who exclaimed: No, darling, you have not to go through with this silly, superstitious farce. Bashir Ahmad being greatly relieved swept away the articles and beat a hasty retreat.

Syed Inamullah was fond of food and deliberately made a lot of fuss about it, partly for show. Mother knew his penchant and took pleasure in indulging him. On one occasion he came to Daska from Sialkot to meet me, as he often did when he knew I would be at Daska. When lunch time came a servant brought the food from the house to the men's quarter for the two of us. Inamullah seeing the servant carrying the large hamper containing the dishes jumped up and seating himself at the table urged the servant: Hurry up, hurry up, set it down; stretched out his hand to the hamper and jolted it so that the plates and cutlery rattled. The servant was embarrassed, and I felt that the performance was undignified. I told Inamullah that I would not join him and would go home and eat with mother. He was abashed and I felt sorry for him, but I was annoyed and left him. When mother saw me she said: I have just sent the food out. I muttered: I shall eat with you.

Ah, I see. Inamullah has been up to some of his tricks and you are annoyed with him. But, darling, you know his ways and he is your friend. Remember, friendship is for ever. If you make a friend you must maintain the friendship till the end, or do not start it at

all. By your hasty and thoughtless action you have hurt your friend. Go back to him, ask him to forgive you and comfort him.

I returned to the woebegone Inamullah and apologised to him. He was overcome and blubbered: I was sure mother would send you back.

I was then a practising Barrister of several years' standing!

In the autumn of 1930 when I was in London in connection with the first Round Table Conference, an appeal from a judgment of the Lahore High Court in which I had instructed a firm of London solicitors was posted for hearing before a Board of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The solicitor telephoned to me and suggested that it would be a good experience for me if I were to attend at the hearing of the appeal in the capacity of junior counsel for the appellants. There was no question of a fee. On the day of the hearing he borrowed the necessary robes for me and there was a brief consultation with the senior counsel. The Board was presided over by Lord Blanesburgh, a Scottish Lord of Appeal. The hearing began and within a few minutes the senior counsel found himself in difficulties. As he was not able to furnish satisfactory explanations on points raised by the members of the Board, their Lordships began to close their paper books. I felt that I could furnish the explanations and was troubled at the situation that had developed. Lord Blanesburgh noticed my agitation and remarked: Perhaps you could help us. I said I would try, and thus I took over the argument. Their Lordships were interested and encouraged me at every step. I felt that they enjoyed my presentation of the case as an intellectual treat, as difficulty after difficulty was resolved and everything fell into place. The upshot was that our appeal was accepted.

A few days later I happened to meet Lord Blanesburgh at a large banquet. He was pleased to greet me with: Ah, you are the young man who enlightened our ignorance the other day in the Privy Council! He drew my arm under his own and took me round and introduced me to several of the guests. He suggested that I should go to breakfast with him one morning, then he gave a dinner for me and thus laid the foundations of a delightful friendship which was terminated only by his death in 1946, at 85 years of age. The time I spent in his company was an education and a privilege. I discovered that he had been most devoted to his mother and that forged another bond between us. At the time of our first meeting he was Prime

Warden of the Goldsmiths' Company. In that capacity he invited me to a Court dinner of the company which I enjoyed thoroughly. Sometime after my return home my mother received from Lord Blanesburgh a beautiful plate, fashioned by the Goldsmiths' Company, bearing the inscription

Homage From England
to a
Devoted Indian Mother
of a
Distinguished Indian Son
February 1931

In October 1931 I was to visit London as a delegate to the second Round Table Conference. I suggested to mother that she should send a gift to Lord Blanesburgh. She enquired: What have you in mind? I said: Your photograph. She was intrigued and exclaimed: What would he do with an old woman's picture! I assured her he would feel greatly honoured.

I had a personal motive also in making the suggestion. She was sixty-eight and we had no picture of her. Through this device we would obtain one for ourselves also. She agreed to face the camera on two conditions: She would not dress up for the picture or make any change in her dress, and I must remain in the room with her. I procured a simple but somewhat artistic frame for the picture, a matching table and a small persian carpet so that together they made a suitable centre-piece. Lord Blanesburgh was delighted with them.

In the summer of 1931 I was in Delhi, as Senior Crown Counsel in the Delhi Conspiracy Case. Mother was with us. There had been a severe drought and the harvest was very poor. She was distressed. How would the poor farmers fare! Could we do something to help? I told her we would do whatever she wished. This gave her some comfort. She suggested that we might provide financial aid to those few whom we knew would be hard hit. I agreed. She dictated the names and amounts and a list was drawn up.

Are you sure this will not be a burden on you?

Nothing that gives you pleasure can be a burden on me.

Indeed the total amount was not very large and I could easily

afford it. Money orders were dispatched the same day. She blessed me and her smile was also a benediction.

In the summer of 1934 the Governor of the Punjab went on leave and Sir Sikandar Hayat Khan, Revenue Member in the Punjab Government, officiated as Governor. Towards the end of his officiating period he decided that on the return of the Governor he himself would take leave. He enquired from the Governor who should officiate as Revenue Member in his absence, and the Governor suggested my name. Sir Sikandar telephoned to me from Simla and enquired whether I would make myself available. I told him I had other plans for the summer. He said: I understand you are coming up to Simla next week-end; I may be able to persuade you.

I mentioned the matter to mother. Her reaction was swift and definite: No, darling, I do not think we should officiate for Sir Sikandar. So that was that. I particularly relished the 'we', and of course the nuance that what was offered was not good enough for her son!

I assumed charge of my office of Member of the Governor-General's Executive Council in May 1935 and we moved to Simla. By that time some Muslim ladies of the Punjab, who considered themselves 'advanced' had discarded the veil and there was a growing tendency in that direction. Two of these advanced young ladies who were quite intimate with my wife having failed to persuade her to follow their example approached mother on one occasion and suggested that she should direct her to discard the veil. Mother said: I can do no such thing. It would be contrary to the commandments of our God and His Messenger. Why, mother, they protested, you have said your God and His Messenger. Are they not our God and His Messenger too? She retorted: Well, if you believe that they are, do as they command.

On 31st May 1935, Quetta was rocked by a terrible earthquake which took a heavy toll of lives and property. I was Minister of Commerce and Railways. I directed the Railway Board to adopt every possible measure of relief by way of evacuation and movement of supplies etc. The Railways made a very good job of it, which was much appreciated. Some time later, Sir Guthrie Russell, Chief Commissioner of Railways, and Sir James Pitkeathly, Chief Controller of Stores, suggested that we might go to Quetta to check up on things on the spot. Mother decided to accompany us. It had been

arranged that before returning from Quetta we would go through the Chhappar Rift, an outstanding feat of railway engineering. That section of the railway track was not laid in a tunnel; it ran through a sort of gallery scooped out of the side of the mountain. At the last stop before the Rift a wooden bench was securely fastened in front of the locomotive, so that seated on it Sir Guthrie, Sir James and I could have an unobstructed view of the Rift. Our saloons were at the rear of the train. Sir Guthrie's shared by Sir James, was the hindmost. It had a platform at the back on which a chair was placed for mother, on which seated she could observe everything in comfort. I explained this to her and she enquired: Where will you be? I told her I would be on a bench in front of the locomotive.

Would there be room for me on the bench?

Oh yes, there would be room, but you would not be comfortable.

I would not mind the discomfort. I must be with you.

I imagined she was impelled both by a spirit of adventure and a desire to share in any possible risk, though of risk there was none.

Sir Fazal-i-Husain died in mid-1936. His eldest son Nasim Husain was a very close friend of mine. He was an Ahmadi and mother was very fond of him. Sometime after the death of his revered father he came to Simla on some business, and as he was to leave the same day we had only a few minutes together. After he had left mother asked me: How is Nasim bearing up? I told her that we had not had much time in which to talk, but I gathered that he was bearing up well. I added: I was particularly pleased with one thing he told me. He said he was determined that he would be to his mother exactly as I am to you. Mother remarked: That would be good of him. That is how it should be between mother and son.

Some time later Nasim Husain came for another hurried visit. He appeared anxious and told me: I am afraid things are not working out as well between mother and us as we could have wished. My wife and I try to study her comfort and convenience in every respect, but nothing seems to make her think kindly of us or of the children. You know we have a large, comfortable, mainly single-storied, well furnished house in an excellent locality in Lahore. Everything is provided for on the ground floor. There are only two rooms and a bathroom on the first floor. Even during the intense heat of the summer the rooms on the ground floor keep cool. We have vacated the whole of the ground floor for mother, and have transferred ourselves to the first floor, where, apart from the lack

of certain amemties, during the greater part of the day the temperatures are unbearably high. Though the children suffer greatly we have not complained. Yet mother does not seem pleased with us and grudges us even our misery. I am, however, careful not to cross her in anything.

I tried to comfort Nasim as well as I was able, and told him to continue steadfast. When I conveyed to mother what Nasim had told me she said: I am not surprised. Lady Fazal-i-Husain is self-centered and has little consideration for others. Despite what you had told me about Nasim's resolve, I had my apprehensions. Then with a smile in her eyes she added: Darling, the relationship between you and me demands not only that the son should be like you, but also that the mother should be like me!

In the summer of 1936, cholera broke out in epidemic form in Kasur, where my brother Abdullah Khan was Municipal Executive Officer. Mother was anxious and supplicated for the safety of the people of Kasur. Bawa Jhanda Singh, a retired civil judge, an esteemed friend of mine, was on a visit to Simla and spent his afternoons with us. One day he learnt that mother had dreamt that the epidemic in Kasur would subside altogether after a week. Thereafter he looked for news of the epidemic in Kasur every day in the paper. On the eighth day it was reported that there had been no case of cholera in Kasur. Bawa Sahib was much struck by what he described as a remarkable coincidence. But in fact it was nothing unusual. Time after time mother had clear and precise warning of the onset of an epidemic, for instance, bubonic plague or whatever, and of its subsidence.

The construction of my house at Qadian was completed in the autumn of 1936. In addition to three large and two smaller reception rooms and the usual amenities on a proportionate scale, there were eight large bedroom suites. Mother was given the choice of her suite. She chose the one that had the easiest access. She explained that people of every sort and condition must feel free to walk in whenever they wished. They should not feel inhibited in any way.

In Qadian she would not use the car for going into town, for the Prayer Services, or calling on Hazrat Ummul Momineen or paying her respects to Hazrat Khalifatul Masih. She always walked. When I urged her to use the car, she said: My dear this is a town of saints. The roads are dusty. It would be sacrilege if the dust raised by the car were to incommode any of the pious persons.

Towards the end of 1936 when the question of the marriage of King Edward VIII began to be agitated in the press, I asked mother to pray that the King may be rightly guided in this difficult matter. She said that for some days she had been witnessing a succession of confusing and disturbing scenes in her dreams. It could be that they had reference to the situation in which the King was placed, and she would pray for him. Thereafter I enquired from her two or three times and each time she said the confusion seemed to be multiplying and she was afraid that the affair would not be satisfactorily resolved. Soon official intimation was received that the King had decided to abdicate. When I told mother she was perplexed and said: This man lacks a sense of duty. He is prepared to discard the highest position in the world for the sake of a woman!

Hazrat Khalifatul Masih II instituted the practical demonstration of the dignity of manual labour. One day was appointed in every month on which all able-bodied male adults resident in a particular quarter of Qadian were required to participate in the carrying out of some project involving manual labour. On one such occasion in 1937 the Day of the Dignity of Manual Labour was due to be celebrated in our quarter of the town. Mother asked me: Do you know tomorrow is the Day of the Dignity of Manual Labour?

Yes, I know.

Will you participate?

Certainly. Have you any doubt?

I was wondering whether your being a Minister would stand in your way.

I hope nothing would ever stand in the way of my discharging all my obligations in full.

That is what I wished to hear.

In 1937, I spent several months abroad on official duty. On my return mother told me that she had taken advantage of an opportunity that offered itself and made a ten minute air trip which she enjoyed. She was 74!

We spent the latter half of April 1938 in Qadian. One evening towards the end of the month I noticed that mother looked preoccupied. I enquired whether she was troubled over anything. She explained: I was returning from town a little before sunset. I was still a little distance from our house when I noticed a woman sitting on the side of the road resting against the wall of a house, with two girls sitting close to her. In passing her I received the impression

that she was in pain and the girls were tending her. I retraced my steps and sat down next to her. I saw that she was barefooted and was nursing one of her feet with her hand. The girls were ministering to her. She was moaning. Trying to discover the cause of her-distress I found that a long iron nail had penetrated into her foot with only the head protruding. The woman was in agony. I was alone and there was no one within sight. So I made up my mind to pull out the nail myself. But when I stretched out my hand for the purpose she was terrified and begged me to leave her alone as she would not be able to endure the pain. However, God granted me the strength and holding her foot firmly at the ankle with one hand, I tugged at the nail with the other and succeeded in pulling it out. The nail was two or three inches long and was rusted. As it was extracted there was a spurt of blood. The woman screamed in pain, but soon began to feel relieved. I told her our house was not far. I would support her there, wash and clean her foot and adopt the necessary measures to guard against infection. But she said her village was at no great distance, the girls would support her and she would reach home. I am worried lest her injury should become infected. I am praying for her.

By that time she herself began to perceive that the shades were closing in upon her.

XIII

FAREWELL

Over a span of years mother had been furnished indications of the time of her departure. She was convinced that these indications proceeded from God, but she also realised that their true import was known only to Him. Long years before her death she was informed that she would die in the month of April. This was followed some years later by the intimation that the last Wednesday in April would be the day of her death. She had made a will that she should be buried in the Bahishti Maqbarah at Qadian. In view of this I had for some years arranged that we should spend the last half of April in Qadian. This was done in conformity with her wishes and was a source of comfort for her.

Some time after the death of my father she saw him in a dream. He was accompanied by Chaudhri Sanaullah Khan, his first cousin by marriage. He expressed his concern over her melancholy looks, upon which his cousin said: She is melancholy because of separation from you. Why do you not take her with you? Father was also saddened and affirmed: I assure you her house is not yet ready; when it is ready I shall fetch her myself.

In January 1938 I had to go to England. Mother enquired whether I would be back by April. I told her I expected so. She felt reassured. I wrote to her from England that I expected to arrive back in Delhi on the evening of 1st April and intended to go to Qadian on the 14th. She could either come to Delhi or wait for me at Qadian. On 1st April the train arrived at Delhi more than an hour and a half late. I was told that my mother was waiting outside the station in the car and I hurried out to her. Having greeted me she said: Did you imagine I could wait for you in Qadian for all these days? While we were in Delhi she suffered from high blood pressure, from which she had occasionally suffered before. She was treated for it and the pressure reverted to normal.

Before leaving for Qadian she saw the Promised Messiah in a dream. He was lying on a couch and appeared very cheerful, and

that cheered her also. She submitted: Sir, if you would permit me, I would massage your feet. He graciously made room for her on the couch and she sat down and started massaging his feet. A thought passed through her mind that as he seemed very happy she might beg him to pray for her. While she revolved the matter in her mind he addressed someone on his right and pointing to her said: Make her house spacious.

The dream brought her great joy. She realised its import and it made her happy. In Qadian she related her dream to Hazrat Khalifatul Masih and added with a smile: Sir, I was tempted to complain that there was little room left for spaciousness as one side was occupied by his sister-in-law and the other by Abdus Sattar Afghan! Hazrat Khalifatul Masih pointed out that the reference in her dream was to her house in Paradise. When she related this to me she said: I know well the reference is to my house in Paradise. I mentioned the position of my grave only to amuse Hazrat Sahib.

She was now seventy-five and suffered from high blood pressure from time to time. Yet she carried on normally. She attended the Friday Noon Prayer Service, paid her respects to Hazrat Khalifatul Masih and had her daily meeting with Hazrat Ummul Momineen. The weather was hot and she went everywhere on foot. She learnt that Hazrat Khalifatul Masih intended to leave for Sind on the 25th (Monday) and was concerned, but was reassured when it was confirmed that he would not depart till the 27th (Wednesday). She said to me very cheerfully: Have you heard, Hazrat Sahib is leaving on the 27th! I rejoined: So I understand. She repeated with a slight emphasis: Twenty-Seventh. I said: I realise. What she meant was that the twenty-seventh would be the last Wednesday in April and if her dream specifying the date of her death was to be literally fulfilled this year, Hazrat Sahib would depart from Qadian after leading her funeral service. Early on the morning of the 27th she visited the Bahishti Maqbarah. She mentioned to me that she felt her inner temperature had risen, but made no specific complaint about her health. About that time she mentioned to me that several times in a state of half slumber she had heard one person say to another: Something is impending; and the other responding: This time it will surely happen. On the 28th she mentioned that she had seen in her dream seven corpses laid out side by side in Bahishti Maqbarah, awaiting burial.

We were to leave Simla on the evening of the 30th. That afternoon

she complained that she was not feeling at all well. I sent a message for the doctor, but my message did not reach him. I assured mother that she would be examined by a competent physician the moment we reached Simla the next day. We departed from Qadian in the evening. At Batala my Private Secretary joined us. Mother enquired after his wife and was told that she was lying down in her berth as she was not feeling very well. Mother told him to bring her to the saloon where mother gave up her bedroom to her and she herself spent the night on a sofa in the sitting room. Next morning she told me she had seen father in her dream who said to her: You are seriously ill. I shall fetch a doctor whose fee for a visit is 32 rupees. (At that time that was the fee of a civil surgeon).

Arrived at Simla, the doctor examined mother and diagnosed high blood pressure and infection in the kidneys. The treatment prescribed by the doctor was followed, but the patient grew steadily weaker. Soon after arrival at Simla she saw in a dream that father had arrived and said: I have brought a palanquin for you. We can leave when you are ready. She responded: I can be ready before dawn so that we might perform our journey during the cool hours of the morning. He suggested: It would be better to leave after 8.00 a.m. when the children have finished breakfast. In relating her dream she described the palanquin and its equipment in detail, the curtains of coloured silk, the silver ornaments etc.

Five days passed. She felt weak, but she was serene and there was no anxiety. She washed for Prayer and performed the Prayers on the prayer mat and needed no assistance, though she passed most of her time in bed. On the fourth day the doctor directed that she should keep to her bed and should not move about. On Friday, May 6, I went to her about 4.00 p.m. and found her engaged in Prayer on the prayer mat in the verandah outside her room. I waited till she had finished and then reminded her that the doctor had said she was not to move from her bed. She said, she felt no trouble in saying her Prayers in the normal way. I offered to support her back to her bed and she put her hand lightly on my arm while she walked to her bed. She did not feel that she needed any support.

That evening I was working in my office room when I was told that mother had become unconscious. I went to her room and found that she was in a state of semi-consciousness through extreme weakness. Her feet were being massaged and presently she began to talk in full consciousness. She explained: Some time after you

left me I fell into a slumber and I felt that I was somewhere in the dark and was seeking to emerge therefrom. I saw a tent and entered it thinking that I might find a way out through it. But the darkness was even deeper inside the tent and there was mud underfoot in which I was caught. I made unavailing attempts to free myself and being frustrated called out: If somehow Zafrulla Khan could be informed he would contrive to have me rescued.

The following day she appeared to be in better shape, though weakness persisted. At one time she felt that if Dr Abdul Latif had been available he might have had recourse to more effective treatment. I dispatched a telegram to him at Delhi that mother wished he could come up. He arrived next morning. Seeing him enter her room she felt happy and sat up in bed. She greeted him affectionately and said with a smile: If I recover this time I shall concede that you are an eminent physician. He responded: Allah will be gracious. You see I have answered your telegram immediately. She rejoined: I sent no telegram; and looked at me curiously. I said: You had wished he could be available and I sent the telegram.

He examined her carefully and determined that she must leave Simla immediately, as the height strained her heart. He proposed that he should take her to Delhi and keep her at his own house, as she would need constant attention and checking up, and his wife would take proper care of her. He reassured her that, by Allah's grace, she should win back to normal health within a few days. Arrangements were made for their immediate departure for Delhi. My official duties demanded my presence in Simla, but the day being Sunday I arranged to travel down with them to Kalka, the railhead, and put them in the train for the night journey to Delhi. I could go to Delhi myself the following week-end.

My wife insisted that she must go with mother to look after her during the journey and in Delhi. Mother would not hear of it. Delhi would be very hot and little Amatul Hayy must not be exposed to the heat. Dr. Latif's wife was like a daughter to her and she was sure she would be well looked after. But Amatul Hayy's mother was adamant. It was not to be thought of that mother should be ill and she should not be at hand to serve and tend her.

The journey from Simla to Kalka all downhill was performed by slow stages so as to guard against a sudden drop of pressure. Mother stood the journey very well. Though the departure of the train was scheduled for midnight everyone was comfortably settled in their

accommodation after dinner. I was to sleep in the Railway Rest House and return to Simla early next morning. About 10.00 p.m. mother suggested that I should retire. She stood up to embrace me, whereupon Dr. Latif protested: Mother, mother, please keep lying down. She smiled wanly and remarked: My dear, I have plenty of time to keep lying down, but I know not whether I shall meet him again.

I told the two servants who had come with us from Simla and were to return with me next morning to remain in attendance at the railway station till the departure of the train, and I went to the Rest House, not far away. Next morning when I was ready to leave I found them stretched out on the wooden floor outside my door. I asked them why had they not slept in bed. They explained that after I had left the station mother having noticed them on the platform outside her carriage told them to go immediately to the Rest House and to be sure to sleep outside my door.

On Monday I telephoned Delhi and was told that mother was feeling better and was cheerful. About midday she had complained of nausea but it did not last long. On Tuesday I telephoned in the morning and evening and was told each time that she was no worse. On Wednesday morning, May 11, her condition was the same. In the afternoon Ch. Bashir Ahmad telephoned: About midday the condition of aunt's heart deteriorated. She was given some injections and has rallied. She is conscious, is feeling comfortable and is talking. But her general condition is causing anxiety and I think you should come down immediately.

I cannot leave today. I have a very important meeting tomorrow which I cannot postpone. I shall leave tomorrow afternoon and arrive in Delhi on Friday morning. Thus I can stay in Delhi during the week-end.

I am afraid you do not appreciate the situation.

I realise what you mean, but duty stands in the way. God is gracious and I am sure will be merciful.

As you will.

I telephoned in the evening and was told that mother was feeling better and that there was no immediate cause for anxiety. Dr. Latif had associated the civil surgeon with himself in her treatment.

On Thursday morning the report was the same. Nevertheless I sent telegrams to my brothers and sister that I was going to Delhi and they should all journey there. I arrived in Delhi on Friday

morning, May 13, and was much heartened by finding mother looking bright and cheerful. My wife told me that mother had insisted on her washing and combing being completed before my arrival, so that I should not find her unkempt.

Dr. Latif told me that my wife had been occupied throughout with serving mother devotedly, regardless of her own comfort and health. I observed myself that none of us - sons, daughter and her other daughters-in-law were able to render such selfless personal service to her as did her senior daughter-in-law. Mother and my wife told me that Dr. Latif and his wife had also taken such good care of her as could be expected only from a devoted son and daughter. Mother said to me: Should God grant me life I shall endeavour to repay, as far as I am able, Latif and his wife for their devoted care of me, but their true reward can be bestowed only by God.

May Allah richly reward everyone who rendered the least service to her during her illness. Amen.

When the greetings were over and the excitement of my arrival had subsided and I was alone with her, mother said: Now then ...

I interrupted her hastily: Now Allah will, of His grace, restore you to health. Latif says you are in much better condition today than you were two days back.

I was about to say that you may now take me to Qadian.

I submitted that the needed medical facilities would not be available at Qadian.

She smiled resignedly and did not press her demand.

That day she passed in comparative comfort. She felt no nausea, and that was a definite improvement which raised the hope of her complete recovery. It was settled that my sister and sisters-in-law should return to their homes the following evening, my brothers should leave on Sunday evening, and I should return to Simla at the same time.

On Saturday, May 14, there was no change. Everyone had been invited to lunch by Ch. Bashir Ahmad. My wife and I remained with mother. About 2.00 p.m. I was washing in preparation for prayer when someone knocked on the door of the bathroom and told me I was wanted by mother. I went to her room and saw that she had her hand over her pulse. She smiled at me and said: Come, darling, let us have our last talk; and send for the others, they will have finished their lunch by this time.

Dr. Latif was in the room preparing an Injection, I looked enquiringly at him. He said to me in English: She is cleverer than me. She sent for me and told me her pulse had gone. Her heart is in bad shape, but I have not told her this. I am preparing an injection, Let us hope it may help. He gave her the injection and put his fingers on her pulse. After a few minutes he told her that the pulse was normal. She felt it herself and said: It is not normal. It has come back but it is weak.

Latif telephoned to the civil surgeon to come over.

Those who had gone for lunch came back, followed at a short interval by Shaikh Ijaz Ahmad and Ch. Bashir Ahmad. Mother spoke to us gently and serenely. She said: We have all to face this hour. Separation from one's parents is painful. I am, however, content with Allah's will. I am going to Him well pleased. I wish to take leave of all of you. I wish you to make no fuss, now or after I am gone. Then she whispered something into her daughter's ear who whispered back to her. Then turn by turn she said good-bye to everyone with prayers, her sons, her daughters-in-law, Bashir Ahmad, his wife Ahmadah Begum, Ijaz Ahmad, Dr. Latif, his wife Ameenah Begum to whom she presented her garland of gold Ashrafis, Ghulam Nabi eldest son of her deceased sister, Aziz Ahmad middle son of her only brother and Chaudhri Fazal Dad who had been my faithful clerk during the years that I had practised at the Bar. Then she sent for Amatul Hayy and kissed her good-bye. Then she asked for Syed Abdul Karim, the chauffeur, and thanked him. Ghulam Nabi was much distressed. She comforted him and said to me: If he should ever be at fault, recall this moment and overlook his default.

Then she enquired from Shukrullah Khan's wife: Have you brought my box? She was puzzled and asked: Which box? She explained: The one that contains the sheets that are to serve as my shroud. Her daughter-in-law excused herself with: I had no notion that the box was in Daska. Besides we left in such a hurry that we could think of nothing else.

My wife had told me that before my arrival in Delhi, mother had given her instructions that at Qadian she should not be taken to her suite on the first floor and had indicated the place on the ground floor where her body should be washed and laid out. Now she repeated these instructions to me, whereupon my wife pointed out that the place was too small and was exposed. Mother said: Before

leaving Qadian I had a good look round. That place is very suitable. It is neither too small nor is it exposed. It is secluded and is quite adequate for the purpose.

In the meantime the civil surgeon had arrived and the two doctors were in consultation. I told them that if for proper treatment it was necessary for their patient to stay on in Delhi she would do it, but if in their opinion medical resources had been exhausted I would, in conformity with her wish, arrange to take her to Qadian. They said that so far the heart had not responded to treatment. Now they were going to give her a couple of new injections, the heart's reaction to which would be known after three quarters of an hour. It was only then that they would be in a position to answer my question. The injections were given and I waited. About 5.00 p.m. the doctors told me that the heart was not responding and in their opinion it would stop functioning in 30 to 40 minutes.

I went to mother and told her I was arranging to take her to Qadian. She was comforted and said fervently: God bless you. I added: You will have to be taken to the railway station in an ambulance and to be carried into the saloon. This might put you to some trouble. She rejoined: Darling, you will see God will not put me to any trouble.

She then asked me to telephone to Bismillah Begum, my mother-in-law, in Lahore, of whom she was very fond, to meet her at Amritsar next morning on the arrival of the train from Delhi. Then she asked my brother Abdullah Khan to telephone to someone in Kasur to go immediately by car to Daska and bring her box containing her sheets to Amritsar next morning. Having attended to everything that was in her mind she was ready to commit her soul to her Gracious Maker. She was installed in her bedroom in the saloon without any trouble. It was a matter for wonder that, contrary to the opinion of the physicians, the heart of the humble, faithful handmaiden of Allah was, by His grace, continuing to function though its action was becoming progressively more feeble.

In addition to the members of the family and servants, Dr. Latif, Sh. Ijaz Ahmad and Ch. Bashir Ahmad, loved by her as her own sons, travelled to Qadian in the same train. My brother Shukrullah Khan and I stayed with mother in her bedroom. She appeared to be sleeping peacefully, except for a slight occasional unconscious twitching. About 11.00 p.m. she urged us to go and sleep. Shukrullah Khan withdrew, and finding myself alone with her I said to her:

You have said nothing particularly to me. She responded: I have said nothing particularly to anyone.

I am not anyone. We are sweethearts.

That is so.

I realised that she had cut asunder from everything and was wholly occupied with the transition from the world of illusion (3.186) to the world of reality (29.65). The process was gentle and serene. Throughout her illness, by divine mercy, she had felt no pain, nor exhibited any fear. When she felt that the divine summons had come she responded cheerfully, almost eagerly. Now her soul was busy with saying farewell to the body it had tenanted for seventy-five years, and in disengaging itself. I left her in peace.

Bismillah Begum came in at Amritsar. Mother indicated by a gesture that she desired her to be in the place of a mother to our sister, who was entirely otherworldly, devoted to the worship of God and almsgiving. The emissary who had gone from Kasur to Daska to fetch the box containing the sheets reported that he had not been able to find the box. He was sent back with more specific directions. The box was delivered at Qadian in the afternoon.

The train arrived at Qadian before 10.00 a.m. I told mother we were now at Qadian. She welcomed the intimation with: Bismillah! Bismillah! It was Sunday, May 15, the hottest part of the year. The saloon was air-conditioned. I asked her whether she would like to stay in the saloon. She wished to be taken to the house. According to her earlier direction her bed was made in the drawing-room on the ground floor. She was satisfied that she had arrived where she had desired to be. Divine mercy had granted her every wish. Qadian was the home of the Promised Messiah and was favoured with divine light and divine mercy. Her body would soon be committed to its earthly resting place at the feet of her life companion. Her soul was ready to enter the palanquin that would transport it to the Elysian fields.

Her arrival at Qadian having become known in Daska, relatives and friends in large numbers continued to arrive through the latter part of the day. As the hours passed her breathing became slower, but her face took on a glow. Bashir Ahmad pointed this out to Ijaz Ahmad and recited a Punjabi verse: A saint may be known by the play of divine light on the countenance.

Night came, and what a palpably blessed night! The descent of angels could be perceived. Mian Jumman who had served as family

steward since my grandfather's time, had accompanied my parents on pilgrimage and been a loyal and faithful friend begged to be permitted to pay her his last respects. She had been unconscious for some time. On his identifying himself and uttering his greetings her eyelids fluttered in response. About 3.00 a.m. she had become completely unconscious. Her almost imperceptible breathing was the only indication of life. Her long journey done, she had passed into the beyond.

At 8.00 a.m. Ghulam Nabi came in and intimated that breakfast was ready but no one could be persuaded to eat. I told him: Bring me a glass of milk. When the guests know I am eating they may overcome their reluctance to eat. At this my wife looked up in surprise. I reminded her of mother's dream: After the children have taken their breakfast. An hour later Ghulam Nabi reported: Everyone has breakfasted. Her breathing stopped. All that is on the earth will perish, and only that will survive which is under the care of thy Lord, Master of Glory and Honour (55.27-28).

In Delhi the physicians had estimated that the heart would not function for more than forty minutes. Divine mercy granted for forty minutes. Divine mercy granted her forty hours!

Her body was laid out under the supervision of Bismillah Begum. When all was ready I was invited to have my last look of the dearly loved face. I found it indescribably beautiful. She did not look more than twenty-five. There was only a thin wisp of grey along the edge of the forehead. The lips were slightly parted in a smile and there was a look of utter repose and serenity. I could not endure the sight of all that glory for more than a second and withdrew hastily.

It was noon of Monday, May 16, when her earthly remains were borne to Bahishti Maqbara, to be laid to rest at the feet of her husband. Sahibzada Mirza Bashir Ahmad, Sahibzada Mirza Sharif Ahmad and other members of the family of the Promised Messiah were among the pall-bearers.

Hazrat Khalifatul Masih was in Sind. He sent the following statement for publication in Al-Fazal:

News has been received of the death of Chaudhri Zafrulla Khan's mother. I regret that I am very far from Qadian and it appears unlikely that I will be able to participate in her funeral service, which grieves me. On receipt of the melancholy intimation I have sent a man by car to Mirpur Khas to find out whether I can reach Qadian in time. If that should be possible I shall be able to fulfil

my wish that I should lead her funeral service and assist at her burial. Else one must submit to God's will.

Her husband Chaudhri Nasrullah Khan was a most sincere and highly esteemed Ahmadi. He was the first person who responded to my call and dedicated himself to the service of the faith. He moved to Qadian and began to assist me. On that account his wife deserved well of me, and through me of the community. Then Chaudhri Zafrulla Khan, who since his early years has exhibited the qualities of sensibility and good fortune, has from the beginning of my Khilafat professed love for and devotion towards me. The deceased was his mother. On that account also she had a claim on me. Despite the fact that the relationship of most women with the Movement is vicarious, that is to say, through father, son or brother, she was one of those exceptional women who have a direct relationship of their own. She joined the Movement before her husband did, and on the occasion of the split swore allegiance to the Khalifa before he did. She always gave proof of her intense devotion to and jealousy for the faith. She was foremost in the payment of her dues and in her care of the needy and poor. On account of her frequent recourse to prayer God Almighty honoured her with a succession of true dreams. She was led to join the Movement through her dreams, and it was in consequence of her dreams that she swore allegiance to the Khilafat.

I cannot forget the following incident which can serve as an example for many men. At the height of the Ahrar agitation against the Movement an Ahrari agent assaulted Mian Sharif Ahmad with a stick. When she learnt of it she was deeply distressed. She repeatedly told Chaudhri Zafrulla Khan that not only did she feel it very keenly herself, the thought of Hazrat Umul Momineen's suffering affected her beyond endurance. One day she said to him: Lady Willingdon professes great affection for me. Could it be arranged that I should meet her when the Viceroy should also be present, so that I could tell them how I feel. He told her there would be no difficulty, but whatever she wanted to say she would have to say it on her own. She assured him he need have no worry. God would guide her. According to the Holy Quran, at her age the observance of the veil did not present any difficulty, and a meeting was arranged as desired by her. Chaudhri Zafrulla Khan served as interpreter. Lady Willingdon was close.

She told the Viceroy: I am a country-woman. I know little of

governments and their policies. Hazrat Promised Messiah had told us that the British are a good people, so prayers for the British rose from my heart. When the British were afflicted with misfortune I supplicated with tears in my eyes: Lord, guard them and help them and deliver them from misfortune. But now our people are being so treated, particularly in Qadian, that though I still pray because of the direction of Hazrat Promised Messiah, my prayers do not rise from my heart as my heart is not happy. What have we done that we are mistreated?

Lady Willingdon was so deeply affected by these simple words that she drew the speaker close to herself, tried to comfort her and told the Viceroy to pay particular attention to the matter.

How many men are there who can express their indignation on behalf of the Movement so courageously and do so! May Allah, the Exalted, receive the soul of the deceased into His mercy and bestow His grace upon it. Amen.

Of her sons she loved Chaudhri Zafrulla Khan the most. She often said that Allah had honoured him more than the others, and he esteemed her higher than the others did.

She had come with him on the occasion of the meeting of the Advisory Council. She met me two or three times. She was very cheerful but said she felt empty inside. She had been told in a dream that she would die in April. But dreams are subject to interpretation. It seems that her fatal illness was to start in April. Her death so soon after April is sure proof that her dream was true.

A year or two ago I saw in a dream that I was sitting in my office room and Chaudhri Zafrulla Khan, who appeared to be eleven or twelve years old, was stretched out in front of me, his head supported by the hand of an uplifted arm. On one side of him was seated his brother Abdullah Khan and on the other Asadullah Khan. They looked eight or nine years old. All three were facing me and were talking to me. I felt that they were my sons, and they listened to me with attention and deep affection. I talked with them intimately as one talks to one's children at home in a relaxed mood. It is possible that this dream presaged the death of their mother, for it is divine law that when one parenthood is removed another takes its place.

The deceased's father was an Ahmadi and her brother Chaudhri Abdullah Khan of Data Zaidka is a sincere and zealous Ahmadi. He is Emir of the regional community. Since the time of Hazrat

Khalifatul Masih I, he has been my sincere friend and has on all occasions been foremost in demonstrating his zeal.

I pray that Allah, the Exalted, may be pleased to bestow His nearness upon the departed one, and deprive not the members of her family of the blessings of her prayers, and may her supplications on their behalf continue to be granted after her death.

The following inscription was composed by Hazrat Khalifatul Masih for her tombstone:

The wife of Chaudhri Nasrullah Khan (may Allah have mercy on him) mother of Chaudhri Zafrulla Khan (may Allah keep him) was recipient of true dreams and visions. Through her dreams was she favoured with the identification of the Promised Messiah and made her covenant ahead of her husband; and through her dreams she was guided aright on the question of Khilafat and took her pledge before her husband took it. She entertained extreme jealousy for the faith, and was fearless in expounding the truth. She was invested with the quality of caring for the indigent and led a simple and austere life. She was a virtuous wife and a loving mother. May Allah bestow His bounties upon her and upon her husband, who was a respectful and sincere servant of the Movement, and appoint for them a station close to Himself and watch over their progeny. Amen.

In the course of his letter of condolence the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, wrote: What consolation can I offer to you who possess a living faith. You may perhaps draw comfort from the reflection that she was spared to see you occupying the highest office of state.

In London, eighteen months later, Lady Willingdon remarked to Anwar Ahmad Kahlon: Mother's death must have left him very lonely. They were devoted to each other.

Years afterwards, a very dear friend, Dr. Italo Chiussi, a sincere and devoted member of the Movement, who had not known mother but was aware of the strong bond between us visited her grave. While he stood praying for her and for father he noticed that a small patch of earth on the side of the mound above her grave towards the foot took on a darker hue as if it had become wet. The patch expanded and presently water began to trickle out of it. The trickle gained volume and flowed in his direction, and within minutes became a rushing stream of clear pellucid water. By the time he finished his prayers the vision ended.

I was forty-five when she died, and forty-three years have since

passed. Life, by Allah's grace, has been full, but the under-current of yearning and remembrance continues to flow as strongly as ever. Maternal tenderness never fails to move me and lack of filial consideration hurts deeply. In the midst of the distracting turmoil of life I am upheld by the comforting hope of reunion with my parents and all the righteous. That hope derives from the divine promise: In the case of those believers whose children follow in their footsteps in the matter of faith, We shall join their children with them, and We shall not in any way reduce the reward of their work (52.23).

Lord, shower the blessings of Thy mercy on the graves of my parents, Admit them, of Thy perfect grace, into Thy House of Bounties. Amen.

THE AUTHOR



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